

JOURNAL  
OF  
JOHN WOOD,

AS KEPT BY HIM WHILE TRAVELING FROM CINCINNATI TO THE  
GOLD DIGGINGS IN

CALIFORNIA,

IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1850,

CONTAINING AN ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF THE  
OCCURRENCES, TRANSACTIONS AND  
CIRCUMSTANCES DAILY.

Also, an Account of each Tribe of Indians, Description  
of the Country passed through each Day,  
Quality of Soil, &c., &c.

TOGETHER WITH A TABLE OF DISTANCES  
FROM MISSOURI TO OREGON, EMIGRANTS' ROUTE, &c., &c.

CHILLICOTHE:

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# JOURNAL.

GREENFIELD, O., April 1st, 1850.

In the spring of the above year, considerable excitement was created in this place and vicinity, on account of the flattering intelligence received from the Gold Diggins, in California, and hundreds began making preparations to emigrate to that country, across the Plains. And the excitement or "mania" seemed to be contagious and spread throughout the Union, so that it was estimated that about eighty thousand emigrated, this season, across the Plains. Thousands upon thousands, who were totally unfitted to encounter the inevitable hardships of a wilderness and frontier life, left their families and homes, in the vain hope of making a fortune in a day and without toil; but there were others wiser, hardy sons of toil who knew what it was to climb high mountains, and hunger and thirst in wilderness wastes, and prepared themselves at the onset. Caravans of horse, mule and ox teams were fitted out in all parts of the country, and, among many others, a large train, consisting of ox-teams, principally owned by J. H. Robinson and A. M. Ogle, from Fayette county, O., left the Missouri river on the 19th of May, for the Gold Regions.

This company I had the benefit of travelling with. It consisted of seventeen teams and seventy-two men. The following is a list of the number of messes and the names of all as they were messed together:

ROBINSON & OGLE'S COMPANY—*Mess No. 1.*—Alfred M. Ogle, Francis A. Patrick, Thomas Brannon, Alfred and James Smith.

*No. 2.*—John H. Robinson, Franklin L. Nitterhouse, Wm. Blue, Andrew J. Jeffries.

*No. 3.*—Frederick Spreaher, David Headington, Baldwin, Milligan, Benjamin F. Wiley.

*No. 4.*—Jesse Fisher, James Cokerel, James and Morris Rowe.

No. 5.—Daniel B. Clark, John N. Robinson, James Biddlewell, Thomas Davis.

No. 6.—John White, Thomas Wood, Daniel Lieb, Thomas Pricer.

No. 7.—John Murry, John Glenn, Robert Duncan, Henry Moore.

D. McLEAN'S COMPANY.—*Mess No. 1.*—Wm. H. Boggs, John Wood, James H. Black, Horace and George Sites.

No. 2.—William Hidy, William Pool, Wesley K. Mahan, Thomas R. Grubb, David Pucket.

HENRY DAHL'S MESS.—H. Dahl, James Aigen, James L. Williams, Adam W. Lennon, Adam S. Nigh.

HENDERSON'S MESS.—Robert M. Hendrickson, Ferguson Malcom, George Micle, Presley and Daniel Figgins.

DIXON'S MESS.—Ellis Dixon, Kelley Dixon, Jacob Spurry, Henry Hoppis, Nelson Clowser.

COMPTON'S MESS.—Thomas Compton, Jackson Bryant, Harrison Bryant, Eli Yeoman.

JOHN DEWIT'S MESS.—Jeremiah Allen, Francis Shannon, Thomas Rapkin, Samuel Wilcox.

WRIGHT'S MESS.—Thomas Wright, David Wright, James H. Ivins, Robert Stuart, Philip Lewis.

SMITH'S MESS.—Isaac Smith, David Loofborrow, James J. Stuart, Archibald McGahen.

WENDAL'S MESS.—Adam Wendal, Henry Burnett, Samuel Milligan, Charles S. Latham.

The greater part of this company met in Cincinnati on the 3d day of April, 1850, and left on the evening of the 5th, on the steamer James Millinger, for St. Joseph. This was an exciting time, for it was one of deep interest, we were about to bid adieu to all that was dear to us—perhaps forever.

After all had traversed the streets of the Queen City, in search of what we conceived to be a sufficient out-fit for the over-land-route, we were called to go on board the boat to take our departure. It was in the evening, and hundreds had gathered on the wharf, gazing anxiously and fearfully too, on the hurried and exciting movements of the passengers. Now we could see on the crowded wharf and some in the waters' edge, old familiar faces and acquaintances, waiting to see us move out and give us the last farewell cheer and look. It had only been a few days since we had the painful trial of parting with our friends at home, and now, when we look



around us and see hundreds ready to say farewell again, our hearts seem to overflow, and when our friends were permitted to come on board to shake our hands the last time, perhaps, and give the last word of advice, many were melted to tears. Thousands had now gathered on the wharf and the excitement had become enthusiastic. Now the last bell has rung, the plank is being taken in and the boat that carries the exiles is moving out on the bosom of the river, in silent majesty, and now such enthusiastic cheering and yelling, I never before witnessed. Now we are fast leaving friends and city behind. Farewell native happy home, friends and all, we speed to far-off lands. Sailing down the Ohio is a feast on nature's delicacies, truly. "Nature, (says an old traveler,) in her varied arrangements seems to have felt a partiality toward this part of our country." As we descended the river I noticed that one side alternately was bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while on the other extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far almost as the eye can reach. Islands, too, of various forms and size rise, frequently from the bosom of the waters. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; but they seem to have been planted here to beautify and enhance the interest of the scenery. Many places, for miles, the banks are adorned with the most beautiful over-hanging foliage and frequently with the handsome dwelling, of some old rich pioneer. But soon this all gave place for life and scenes on the Mississippi, and then on the Missouri, whose dark and troubled waters afford but little to interest the traveler. After thirteen days run we were landed at St. Joseph, Mo., on the 17th of April. Here we were greeted with a hearty welcome by many old acquaintances, who, also, were bound for the land of promise. St. Joseph is an enterprising town, containing about three thousand inhabitants. It is situated in a rich and beautiful plain in Buchanan county, on the banks of the Missouri river.

The excitement here is almost alarming. There are now about 10,000 emigrants in this place and all are hurrying to make a start, and if I should judge from the movements of many, they know not where—many people have no sense whatever, when once excited—they now find things different to what they expected, and every thing is wrong and they are wrong and crazy, too. And many poor souls have had entirely different ideas of the trip and difficulties and have got thus

far and the thoughts of their wives or lovers enter their middle and they set up a howl and strike a bee line for home. Here we have had a pretty fair specimen of the "Gambling Hells," so much spoken of in California. Several houses being devoted, entirely, to gambling of all kinds, and many a poor credulous youth arrives thus far; on his way to Ophir, then deposits his last dime in a bank that don't even pay interest. This place is now one of the emigrant's great starting points, to Oregon and California. Hundreds of companies, after arriving here, meet with difficulties and expenses which they never anticipated; consequently, many start only half prepared and hundreds return home, almost sick of life. These things breed contention among companies, and I must say, that during my stay here, (St. Joseph,) I have never been out of hearing of quarreling or wrangling of some kind, except when asleep. On account of the great quantity of stock bought and driven away from here, many buy stock that is unbroken and young—this we found was our "fix." Now, we have got to walk into a pen, full of wild, wicked steers, (they are not oxen, if so I should have said so, for most of them never saw a yoke,) and risk our lives yoking them, and after being kicked across the pen half a dozen times and run over as often, we succeeded in leading them out and hitching them to the wagon, when they ran away, every man hanging to a rope, fastened to each steers' horns. This was enough to make all the world laugh—in fact it was but little I did for laughing—it was diverting, yet provoking; but that made no difference, we were bound to work the bullocks. Many of our company had never before taken up the gad to drive away, and were raw hands or greenhorns, in that line.

The weather now is cold and disagreeable and there is yet but little appearance of grass, here; considerable sickness, also prevails now among the emigrants, in this town, and we have concluded to move up the river about forty miles and recruit our stock, a few weeks before starting. So, on the 23d of April, we left St. Joseph and travelled three days and a half and arrived at Brown's Mills, where we pitched our tents and sojourned, for the space of twelve days. This was our first introduction to camp life. On our way up here our cattle cut some beautiful "flirtations," and finally tried to run away, but they could'nt, for they were surrounded by lamp-lighters, who showered rocks in their faces so fast that they

were compelled to shut their eyes and "gum her up." During our stay here, at "Camp Brown," as we called it, we spent the time very pleasantly, in hunting and fishing, cooking, and feeding our stock. Our camp is in the woods, and every night I am reminded of camp-meeting, twenty or thirty camp fires burning, a number cooking and the ballance singing and dancing.

Nothing of particular importance occurred during our stay here, except some masterly efforts at cooking, &c. I notice that the restraint which civilized society imposes upon men is but little felt here. On the 8th of May we pulled up stakes and moved about two miles, crossing the Nodoway river and stopped again for three days, recruiting our stock on grass; and on the 13th we again started for the Missouri river, where we arrived on the 15th; nothing occurring worthy of note. We are now at Hawk's Ferry, where we have to cross in a boat rowed by hand. We spent the 16th, 17 and 18th, in crossing this river, in which we had considerable difficulty. In crossing one load of cattle the boat floated down on a sand-bar, in the middle of the river, obliging us to drive the cattle off the boat, and in swimming out, several came very near drowning.

MAY 19th.—This morning we made a farewell start for the Eldorado of all our hopes. Previous to this we held a meeting and organized, for the purpose of safety and mutual assistance. Henry Burnett was elected Captain, and Robert Steuart, Lieutenant. To day, we passed over some of the most splendid country imaginable, in appearance. Nearly all day far out of sight of timber. Prairie, all rolling, and far as the eye can reach may be seen peak rising above peak, which imparts to the surrounding country an appearance bordering on the sublime. Road tolerably good. Weather pleasant. Nothing of note happened to day, except breaking the hounds of one wagon—caused by awkward driving. We are now amongst the Ottob tribe of Indians. They visited our camp this morning and traded us some moccasins, &c. They appear very friendly and seemed to be somewhat civilized. Camped early, and found some grass.

20th.—Started early this morning. The country we passed over to-day was similar to that of yesterday. We find but little water along this road. Our cattle are getting a little familiar with the yoke and also the whip—which we green-horns can't yet crack. We still live and learn.

21st.—Got along very well to-day, until we came to the Nimehaw river. Here we had fun until it was left. The banks of the stream being very steep we had to dig them down, in order to make our transit; many stripped and waded in to assist in driving and pushing. Such yelling and screaming you never heard. But no Natives were there to be astonished. I undertook to cross this stream, by standing on a log, while Jack Bryant waded and pulled me over, and when we got to the middle of the river Jack turned the log and in I went, heels over appetite. Camped on the river bank, and had a two-legged "Stampede," this evening.

22d.—Started early. Roads tolerably good. No timber to be seen. The country presents rather a romantic appearance, yet. All the company in good health, except John Glenn, who has been unwell since we started. Camped on a beautiful nob; but had no wood to cook with. This night we were visited with one of the most desolating storms of rain and wind that ever earth was drenched with. The thunder was deafening and the lightning seemed to be all the while playing with the wagon tires. It never rains here, but it pours. This night the guards were compelled to use a little of the overjoyful, to keep up a medium temperature and stimulate them, in their arduous and dangerous task. We now secure our cattle by means of a corral—which is made by placing all the wagons in a circle, fastening the tongue of each one with log-chains to the hind wheel of the one in front of it—leaving a space or gap of 20 or 30 feet, to drive in at; Guards are placed at the gap of the corral and some around other parts of it. This was truly a gloomy night; but this I suppose is only a foretaste of things, unseen but soon to come.

23d.—Made a late start this morning. The day was cool and pleasant. Road pretty good. No timber, scarcely. Cattle getting to work better. We have four yoke attached to each wagon. Grass pretty good. Camped early, &c.

24th.—This day we travelled a bad road, in many places. This evening we reached Salt creek; but before we got there we had to wade a lake, nearly a half mile long. Crossed Ash creek to-day. Camped on the river bank; tolerable grass.

25th.—This morning we prepared to cross this stream, in a large yawl—which we hauled along, for such purposes. This creek is 40 yards wide and 15 feet deep. We now launched our boat—tied a rope to her bow, which Baldwin Milligan

carried across, by swimming the stream. We also tied one to the stern, and by this means was enabled to draw it backward and forward. Then we unloaded our wagons and went to shipping, and before night we had all things over the river. We crossed our cattle by swimming them; the banks being very niery, many came very near sticking. The country now begins to present a different appearance—being more level and more grass, but scarcely any timber; what there is, stands along the banks of the streams and is some kind of cottonwood. We have seen no Indians for a day or two. I have not seen the elephant, yet. Camped on the bank of Salt creek.

26th.—Started early, this morning; travelled 12 miles and came to Cottonwood creek—which we heard we would have to ferry. We were told that there was a raft, at the crossing, and the first there of course had the first use of it. Well, this forenoon we had fell in with two or three other large trains—which were driving hard to beat us to the creek, and about 9 o'clock they despatched a messenger, on horseback, to ride ahead and claim the raft; meantime we smelt a rat and Capt. John Robinson mounted his horse and gave him chase, for several miles, and finally passed him, and then the stranger gave the Captain chase, until some impediment brought them up "a standing," when the stranger pulled out a bottle, and they took a "*lot*," as they call it. They then rode on and when they came to the stream, lo and behold, it was not more than one foot deep, and a good bridge over. Here we rested and let our cattle graze, one hour, and took a little refreshment ourselves—as we are in the habit of doing, every day, at noon. To-day, I saw some of the largest elk horns, lying along the road, I ever read of; also, some few dead oxen and horses. Camped this evening on a high nob; good grass and water.

27th.—Rolled out early this morning. Had a muddy road to-day, on account of the recent rain. Last night the flood-gates of the lowering skies were opened upon us again and oh! such floods of rain, pealing thunder and zig-zag lightning, dear reader, you will never know anything of, unless you come out here and wait a visit from the upper skies. To-day we passed a beautiful grove of oak trees, from ten to twenty feet high, covering about half an acre—which afforded us a pleasant resting place. We are now in the Pawnee tribe of

Indians. They are a miserable looking people. Several visited our train, while traveling along to-day, and begged for something to eat. They have a sullen, gloomy look, and are given to stealing. All prairies yet, and tolerably level—soil, in many places, rich. The boys look wild now, for Indians.

28th.—Started, this morning, by day-light, and travelled about 4 miles; stopped and eat our breakfast and let our stock eat, an hour or so, on good grass. Reached the Platte river bottom, this evening, and there camped for the night; had tolerable grass. We now use the river water—which is very muddy, on account of the water flowing over a bed of sand. Saw no timber to-day.

29th.—Started as soon as we could swallow our grub. The weather is now fine, and we have a good road. We expect to travel up the Platte river, for 600 miles. The bottoms on this river are from one to five miles wide, perfectly level and not a shrub, but generally, good grass, and that is now eaten very short—the majority of the emigrants being before us. To-day, our company was summoned to the battle field, by a man riding back, in great haste. He said that his train, (consisting of 4 or 5 wagons) was stopped, on the road, a short distance ahead, and surrounded, by 200 Indians. He requested all that could leave our train to turn out and save him and his family, from the savages. Accordingly we did. One man was left with each team, to drive. Having plenty of arms and ammunition, we were formed in rank and file, and marched away; commanded by Capt. John Robinson. The light infantry marched in front of the troops, in the person of little Jimmy Aigin, alone. He was mounted on Henry Dahl's poverty-stricken, hob-tailed poney, and kept swearing and praying, alternately, during our march. He was armed with nothing but a little short-barreled pistol. Every now and then he would present his pistol, as though taking deadly aim at the savage foe, and then he would pray, (being true to the Irish Catholic religion.) These things afforded us some fun. But many hearts beat loud and quick—expecting soon to be engaged in deadly strife. Now we thought we saw the elephant, but it was not him, for when we arrived at the spot, the Indians were gone, and oh what a *pile* rolled off every mind. Soon everything was calm as an infants' dream. The Indians had done nothing but frightened the women and children,

one of the former having come into these low grounds on last night. To day we passed an old Pawnee village, which was deserted. These Indians are mean and cowardly. Camped in the bottom; tolerable grass; had to carry wood, to cook with near a mile. We are all tired with walking. We have but 4 horses in company, and they belong to individuals.

30th.—Traveled up the Platte river all day. This river presents a beautiful appearance, in many places, being often very wide and full of islands—which are favored with a beautiful, green shrubbery. The waters of Platte river flow over a bed of sand the whole length, which causes it to be very muddy. No timber, along here, after leaving the bottoms, on either side of the river, nothing can be seen but one bluff, rising above another, far as eye can behold. Frequently now may be heard the howl of a wolf, and occasionally an Antelope may be seen skipping across the plain.

31st.—Nothing of importance, occurred to-day. Traveled about 20 miles, over a level road. The families that were besieged by the Indians are now traveling with our company, for safety.

JUNE 1st.—To-day, we traveled until noon, and found some good grass. Here we concluded to rest, until to-morrow evening, and let our cattle recruit a little, as they were getting pretty tired as well as ourselves. We were determined to give our cattle a fair chance, for on them, our lives depended. Here we had no wood but willow sprouts, nor any water, until we dug a number of holes, in the low ground and found plenty, but this (as we soon found afterwards) was destructive to our health. The country here presents about the same appearance as usual. Some complaining of not being well. Things drag a little, now.

2d.—This is the Sabbath day, 2 o'clock, and we all conclude we had better move out of our wet camp. We started and travelled 10 miles and camped very late; here we found no wood, to cook with, so we eat a few crackers, and resigned ourselves to the arms of sweet morpheus. This night was awful dark and cloudy, and the guards had to feel their way around the carrell. I was on guard, this night, and about 2 o'clock a Platte Bottom thunder-storm came up, and quick as thought, it commenced thundering, lightning and pouring down oceans of rain on us—the cattle (being 160 head) became frightened and run out of the carrell, running over two

of the guards! Oh, such *sights*! I could not help exclaiming in the language of a little girl in astonishment: "*Who ever saw a belled hog!!!*" This created considerable excitement and but little more sleeping was done this night; no fleas but wide awake.

3d.—This morning we found all our cattle by 7 o'clock and started on; reached New Fort Kearney about 11 o'clock. Here we stopped a short time. This port stands in an open plain. Some of the houses are built of earth, and others of planks, and upon the whole, I consider it a nuisance—just like some of the men stationed there. To-day we got mixed in with another train, which made a long string of us—I think 25 or 30 teams. We were all proceeding nicely, when quick as thought one of our teams got frightened and ran with all their power, this frightened all the rest and they all started—fury-like—such a scene I never beheld; 200 head of cattle attached to wagons, running with all their power. I shall never loose sight of the old man who held to the horns of his cattle while they were in full speed—his sick wife and little children being in the wagon at the same time. Fortunately for all, the ground over which they ran was perfectly level and no particular damage was done. Our cattle are now almost as wild as Antelopes. Camped about 12 miles west of Kearney, close to the river, and after letting the cattle graze until dark, we brought them up and put them in the carrell, but it was not long until they got alarmed at some noise and all simultaneously sprang with all possible quickness, running over two wagons, crushing one wheel of each to atoms. Some made their exit at the mouth of the carrell and scattered in all directions for ten or fifteen miles. It seems that our cattle can't stand still and see the elephant—this I think is only his tail, whisking a little. We give up hunting the cattle to-night.

4th.—This morning we put out, in seach of our cattle in nearly all directions and before night we found all but four. They had scattered in almost every direction for ten and fifteen miles. In the evening it commenced raining very hard and towards night were great indications of an approaching storm. We are now camped on a low piece of ground, as all the bottoms on the Plate river are—being almost on a level with the water. Soon the water began to gather around our camp shoe mouth deep and many places over boot top. Here we had no wood to cook with except green willow



sprouts. Here we had passed one lonely night and one toilsome day, in searching for our cattle, many times wading through sloughs, waist deep, and through the rain. And now night is upon us again—four of our cattle are gone, we know not where, but suppose the Indians have them, and a strong guard has to be around the ballance all the time. All are wet, tired and hungry. We now concluded not to put our cattle in the carrell but herd them on the plain. Accordingly three or four on horseback and several on foot were stationed around them. All was quiet until near midnight, when all the clouds in the neighboring skies seemed to be collected over this sickly plain and it commenced thundering, loud and long, and lightning's fiery flash seemed all the while burn, and the low-hung clouds dropped their fullness down. The cattle became terror stricken again and away they went like quarter horses and the guards in full chase after them, only being enabled to follow them by the constant glare of the lighting. They followed them for several miles and gave up pursuit and returned, considerably discouraged, being very cold and wet. On account of there not being room for all to sleep in the wagons, many had to sleep in tents, on the ground, and many waked up, last night, and found themselves in water, 6 inches deep. Now, methinks I see the elephant, with unbecluded eyes. This species of the animal presents quite a terrifying appearance.

5th.—All appeared considerably discouraged, this morning, but started out in search of our lost cattle again. The hopes that had heretofore cheered us, on our toilsome march, now began to fade away, and on the countenance of nearly all, could be read the lines of sad disappointment. Many talk of returning home, fearing we will never get through. After traversing the country for fifteen and twenty miles we found our cattle again by the middle of the forenoon. We made one wagon out of the two broken ones, and started on, but just as we had hitched our wagons the cattle started again, but we succeeded in stopping them before they got a fair start. We drove on, until late in the evening and secured our cattle, by driving large pickets in the ground, and chaining them in this way we secured them. This evening, Robert Duncan, from Highland county, Ohio, was taken bad with the cholera. He belonged to Robinson & Ogle's company.

6th.—This morning, Mr. Duncan seemed to be some better

and we started on, but had not gone far until he got worse. Mr. Robinson then requested the train to stop and Mr. Ogle brought a doctor, who pronounced Duncan dangerously ill. The doctor did all he could but told him he must soon die. Here was a scene which was heart-rending. Mr. Duncan called us all to him and requested some things to be said to his parents. He then called on Mr. More, to take his hymn-book and sing the hymn his Mother sung for him, just before he started: but Mr. More, being so much affected, could not sing, and he took the book and read it to all. Oh! how unutterably full the heart of the dying exile became, when the thoughts of *Mother* and *Home* rushed quick on the soul. To-day we laid by all day.

7th.—This morning, Mr. Duncan is still alive but very bad; several others complaining considerably, with the diarrhoea. We are advised to move on, this place being very low and wet, so we started and traveled all day. To-day I have been sick all day—not able to walk. Camped this evening, on the banks of Plumb creek. This evening many complain of sickness. John Glen and David Wright are tolerably bad. All are now considerably alarmed. Since we took to fastening our cattle with pickets (which we have along with us) we have but little difficulty.

8th.—This morning all is solemn as the grave, for death reigns in the camp. David Wright is dead, and John Glenn, who lies by his side on the same bed, is now struggling with the king of terrors. Yesterday morning these two young men were in the bloom of health and youth—now they have gone to meet their God. We buried them, side by side, on the banks of Plumb creek, 40 miles east of New Fort Kearney. And here the weary are at rest. And many now could say in truth—

“I long to lay this painful head  
And aching heart beneath the soil,  
To slumber in its dreamless bed,  
From all my toil.”

About 3 o'clock all were preparing to start, when Ellis Dixon was taken with the cholera. He soon began to sink very fast. A Physician was procured soon, who did all he could, but an agent's arm can't snatch us from the Grave. The doctor advised us to move on and get to higher ground, so, Mr. Dixon was put in the wagon and we drove ahead a

short distance, but before we stopped he was dead. He was taken out of the wagon and put in a tent and straightened for the grave. We are not alone, in this calamity, thousands are around us sharing the same fate. The sick and the dying are on the right and on the left, in front and in the rear and in our midst. We, ourselves are nearly all sick. I feel very weak myself. Hundreds are on their way home, faint-hearted and terror-stricken. Death is behind as well as before. Many are stalking their way through pestilence, unmoved, while others view every step with perfect amazement and consternation. A number of our company now feel determined to return home. Oh! *home* why did I leave there; these sentiments are written on every heart this day. Now we had forgotten the tales,

"We heard of the sunny lands,  
Which rose o'er Indian seas  
Where gold shone, sparkling from river sands,  
And strange fruit bent the trees."

And oh!

What sights are these I see;  
Whose voice is that I hear,  
'Tis a brother's bending knee,  
'Tis a brother's falling tear.

Oh! how many kind friends has death separated, on these plains of mortality. My heart sickens at the thought. No one can tell how painful it is to lose a kind friend in the beginning of so long and tedious a journey. The road here is perfectly lined with emigrants. A great many have started on this journey with their families of women and little children. Robert Duncan is yet alive and that is all. In sight of us are many trains encamped, which are waiting on the sick and dying, or burying their dead. Ah! what a sad and mournful train we are, and oh! how many wails of woe and sorrow I have heard the three last days. I notice now a great reformation has taken place among the emigrants. The grass is very short along here. We are advised to use river water exclusively, but it is very muddy. The country presents nearly the same appearance as during the past week. Many are tired and worn out, waiting on the sick. Our situation at this time can better be imagined than described.

9th.—This is the Lord's day. Early we proceeded to bury Ellis Dixon. Twelve or fifteen making arrangements to go back this morning, notwithstanding there was more sickness

behind than before, but oh! the journey seemed so long. Robert Duncan is still alive which is astonishing, he certainly cannot live until night. All are loath to start—all is confusion. Fear and despair seem to be seated on every countenance—ah, hope, thou life-preserver of the soul was it not for thee who could live a single hour. This morning my thoughts have been turned on home and all its joys. I imagine that while I hear the voice of mourning and woe—my friends hear the more welcome sound of the church-going bell. Oh, had I the pinions of a dove to bear me away. This morning we employed Dr. Fackler of Mo. to travel with us, after which all concluded to go ahead. We started this morning under the most gloomy and discouraging circumstances imaginable. We travelled about 20 miles and camped on an elevated piece of ground.

10th.—This morning Robert Duncan is yet alive. Last night Robert Stuart took the cholera and this morning is not expected to live. Capt. Robinson set up with him last night all night; he does all he can for the sick. Robert Hendrickson is now tolerable sick; also Franklin Nitterhouse and Samuel Wilcox. We now seem to be traveling through a grave yard all the time. New graves can be seen from almost any point. The emigrants travel very slow on account of the sick; many trains have to lay by for weeks, waiting on the sick and dying; many have lost their stock and can't go. There seems to be about as many horses as mules on this trip but the most are oxen. Our stock looks tolerably well yet; the grass is plenty but mostly very short. Robert Duncan died this evening late, after a long time of severe suffering, but he is gone, alas! we have to follow him to "the house appointed for all living," and leave him there to moulder back to dust. Oh! the dying bed is a solemn scene on these desolated plains. I have not seen a man yet who has not regretted that he ever started on these endless "ups and downs."

11th.—We are about 90 miles west of Fort Kearney. This morning Mr. Duncan was buried on the road side. The coffin and shroud are not known here; the dead are sown up in their blankets and so are buried. Robert Hendrickson is now very bad. The doctor says he cannot live long. Jacob Sperry is tolerably sick, also Franklin Nitterhouse. This morning there was some confusion about starting, some were in favor of waiting on the sick, while more were in favor of

going ahead. We all concluded to start. Here it is like standing on slippery rocks—not knowing how soon we may fall. The epidemic is raging on all sides—no one knows but his turn is next; all earthly hope is banished from the minds of a great many and they begin to feel that God is their only help. Now is the time to try men's souls; many are afraid to visit the sick, for fear of contagion. Morality now rather characterizes our course, for men view themselves as traveling to the grave. We had not gone far until Mr. Hendrickson was a corpse. We traveled on until noon and stopped—where Mr. Hendrickson was buried, on the road side. A decent grave was dug and the corpse laid and covered with green branches; then Mr. More read a portion of scripture, sung an appropriate hymn and then engaged in prayer. Oh! solemn scene, the dead burying their dead.

“How peaceful and how powerful is the grave,  
Which hushes all! a calm unstormy wave,  
Which oversweeps the world!”

“There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.” Here the rich and the poor lie down together—no storms disturb their deep repose—no cloud darkens their horizon—no sorrows agonize their breasts. The grave is a dreaded thing and at the very thought of its stillness and gloom, all throw off their wonted firmness. Ah! the grave—

“A lecture silent but of sovereign use.”

Oh, how important is religion, which can enable us to look forward to the hour of our dissolution, with calmness and fortitude and to triumph over death and the grave.

“Thrones seem to be but toys,  
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.”

We are now traveling over the best road I ever saw, being perfectly smooth and level. The water in this river (Platte) seems to be almost on a level with the extensive plain on either side. The river, for hundreds of miles is filled with numerous islands covered with the most beautiful overhanging foliage. Now occasionally on the banks are groves of luxuriant cotton-wood trees. Dr. Fackler urges us to eat nothing but crackers, tea and coffee and drink very little water. Oh, how we long to get away from this river and be among the mountains where we can breathe a purer air and drink from the crystal fountains. We have passed hundreds of graves,

during the last few days. This evening Jacob Sperry is better, but F. Nitterhouse is very bad.

12th.—This morning finds us on our way but far from rejoicing. From any place can be seen a number of trains encamped fostering the sick and dying. When will these things have an end? To-day we reached the South Fork of the Platte river and have to travel up it for 3 days and then cross and return to North Fork. This river resembles the Platte in being wide and shallow and filled with islands. Scarcely any timber along here. All day we were crossing paths which are made by the Buffalo coming in from the plains to the river for water. Now and then we get a glimpse at a herd of Buffalo from the road; frequently see wolves scanting about where companies had encamped, in the search of something to eat. They now howl around our camp at night. This evening we passed many sick and dying. Here my heart was pained again at a most affecting incident. An old father, care-worn and heart-broken, was at last overtaken by disease and was now straightend on the ground, in the icy arms of death and his little son weeping over him saying, "Father what will become of me." What melting scenes are these.

"Brief is the work of death,

But life—the spirit shrinks to see

How full ere heaven recalls the breath,

The cup of woe may be."

To-day we traveled about twenty-five miles; camped and found but little grass and no wood at all. The sick are some better.

13th.—All cases of sickness this morning are some better in our train, but the voice of death is heard in many others. The country presents nearly the same appearance as during the last week or so, and I suppose will until we reach the mountains. During the past week we have had considerable trouble procuring wood to cook with and to warm us, sometimes, yes, often, we have carried wood 2 miles. The nights on this bottom have been very cold and chilly and often very wet. Many a time have we, after a toilsome days' march, coiled ourselves in our wagons, in any shape, with wet clothes on and shivered all night like a belshazar. This afternoon Wesley Mahan, who had been complaining a little, was taken with cholera but the doctor thinks he can save him. Robert Stuart, who was at the point of death, is now recovering. Franklin

Nitterhouse is recovering; Mr. Mahan is very bad; some complaining considerably.

14th.—Started early this morning and got along well until about noon, when our cattle became alarmed and away they went, sweeping everything before them for a quarter of a mile, leaving every man to escape destruction the best way he could; but no damage was done, except breaking some yokes and two men run over but not hurt bad. W. Mahan, R. Stuart and F. Nitterhouse, were in the wagons meantime, but the ground being level the wagons did not upset. A destructive sight, but what a fortunate circumstance. To-day we met a large company, homeward bound. Some of our company purchased two milch cows from them. They say we never can get through, because there is no grass ahead, and the cholera is getting worse. Their wagons are crowded with sick men. Now our hearts began to fail us again and when we reflect that we have hardly made an introduction to our journey, the task becomes harder and we almost get weary of life. This evening Mr. Mahan is very bad; I think he cannot live long, for death seems pictured in his face. Camped 2 miles from the South Fork crossing. Here are hundreds.

15th.—This morning F. Nitterhouse is worse, W. Mahan is still alive and R. Stuart is getting well. We hitched up and went to the crossing. Here we found hundreds preparing to cross. This river is about three quarters of a mile wide and from two to five feet deep, the bed of the river being sand, the channel is continually changing. We concluded that we would not go in until some others crossed. Capt. Thompson's train commenced going in. It being a very bad place to get in, two of their wagons were upset in the start. Some hitched ten and fifteen yoke to a wagon and then a man would ride about every third yoke, with a long gad, and in this way would drive across; some places being deep enough to swim the cattle, and very swift; they would turn down the river and try to come back and often get badly tangled, and in this way one wagon was upset and all lost. Meantime our train was engaged in packing up their goods as high as possible in the wagons to prevent them from getting wet. After profiting a little from others experience, we made a start all doubling teams and making two trips across the river. A rope was tied around the horns of the leader and a man was placed

above in the stream, to lead across and keep the cattle from turning down stream, while five or six would wade along on each side, to whip, &c. Now you had better believe this was disagreeable work; the water being very cold, we got completely chilled. Crossing this river was a dreaded thing, on account of the cholera being so prevalent. Men were afraid to expose themselves, but we must cross or perish here. We all crossed in safety, by 2 o'clock. Here were the sick, the dead and the dying, on every hand, last night, Jackson Stuart, taken with cholera, died to-day, about 10 o'clock. He had crossed the river yesterday and was out of the reach of a physician until this morning when it was too late. The destroyer's work was done. Here was another solemn scene; a traveling companion must be laid low in the ground.

Mr. Mahan is thought to be some better but F. Nitterhouse is some worse. After we had buried Mr. Stuart, we started on and traveled five miles and camped for the night. Here we had but little grass and water and no wood, and we were forced to burn dry Buffalo dung, in order to cook some. Now I would thank any person for a cooking-stove and some good wood for this substitute is nauseous.

16th.—This morning we made an early start; traveled about 15 miles, over an elevated plain and came to the North Fork of Platte river, about 2 o'clock. Before we reached this river we descended a very steep and winding hill, which led us down into Ash Hollow—which is an old Indian battle ground. Along this hollow may be seen some of the most beautiful natural scenery. After having traveled hundreds of miles without seeing a tree it was almost enrapturing to behold the scene. Here a little rivulet begins to course its way down toward the river. And on either side, high on the overhanging cliffs, hung and grew the greenest cedar I ever saw; while farther below were clusters of vines hanging on various shrubbery interspersed with wild roses and flowers.

"There is companionship

In summer flowers they whisper to our  
Hearts sweet lessons of their mission here—  
Of love, and gentleness and every softer grace,  
And some like friends well tried have followed  
Us through every path of life in this dark  
World of sin and grief to cheer us with an  
Old familiar look or thought when we were  
Strangers, in a stranger land, or sad in  
Some changed home!"



But we must bid adieu to the flowers and old Ash Hollow—we have no home nor stay with you. This evening we find ourselves on the old Platte river which presents nearly the same appearance as hitherto, except the bottoms are not so wide and more sandy. Mr. Mahan is sinking very fast. The other cases are thought to be better. The wheater for several days past has been pleasant, except being very cool of nights and mornings. Camped near a French and Indian trading post, of long standing.

17th.—This day we had a dead fall all day, on account of the road being very sandy. To-day we passed the burying ground of the Indians—the Sue tribe. They build a scaffold by planting poles in the ground and then fasten poles cross-wise on which the dead are laid and wrapped up in skins, ten or fifteen feet from the ground. Their weapons are buried with them—such as bows, arrows, &c. They are rather a good looking people, for Indians, and I am told very peaceable with the whites. We passed a great many graves to-day; saw some the wolves had dug out. Mr. Mahan has grown worse all day, and this evening is at the point of death. All are worn out with fatigue and exposure; with few exceptions, none being well. Here we had but little grass.

18th.—Last night was a cold stormy night, and the wolves howled around our camp, all night. Wesley K. Mahan died about 3 o'clock, this morning, after extreme suffering for several days. At midnight I was awoke to set up with him until morning, but alas! he never saw the light again. The night was cold and dreary and I was left alone, with the dead. We were in a tent, all was still, save the howling of the wolves and winds without. And oh, to hear the dying accents of that widow's son, was more than human tongue can give utterance to. When he clasped my hand and drew me close to him and murmured *Home and Mother*, my heart overflowed. Oh, God, shall I ever see such sights again?

“Oh! talk of spring to the trampled flower,  
Of light to the fallen star,  
Of glory to those who in danger's hour,  
Lie cold on the fields of war;  
But ye mock the *Exile's* heart,  
When you tell of ought  
But the *Home* where it loves to dwell.”

Mr. Mahan was buried early this morning, and we took up our line of march. The road is now so level that we can

see 15 miles ahead. We have been in sight of what is called the Court House Rock, for several days; to-morrow we expect to pass it and then I will tell you all about it. It is something very tall, "certain and sure." We have had no rain now for better than a week. The country appears a little different from what it did several days back. Grass is getting more scarce and the soil more sandy, but there is no timber. We have hauled, in our wagons, wood to cook with, for the last three days. The soil, on the Platte bottoms, seems to be rich, but they are low, and in many places full of sloughs and subject to overflows. We always get close enough to the river at night to get water. There seems to be no mitigation of the sickness on this river. It is supposed that one-fifth are dying here now with cholera and diarrhœa. Thus far one-tenth of our company have died.

19th.—This morning things appear a little brighter than usually. The sick appear to be better, but it seems like folly to hope for better days for it seems that human wisdom can divine no means of escape. Who can now sing,

"Oh, California that's the land for me!"

Our cattle get along tolerably well, with two or three exceptions. We scarcely every get in the wagons to ride in order to favor the cattle. There are more people on this road from Missouri than any other two States. The cholera appears to be as fatal with them as ever the small-pox was with the Indians. Passed the Court House Rock, which is a large isolated bluff of hard sand, about 300 feet high, somewhat in the shape of a court house. It stands on the open plain, "solitary and alone." We generally stop about two hours before dark, graze our cattle until night and then stake them down around our wagons. Being now, as we think, out of the reach of thunder-storms, and the Indians not being troublesome, we don't now guard our cattle. We passed a great many graves to-day. The grass is very short here.

20th.—To-day we passed what is called the Chimney Rock; it stands in the open plain and is also an isolated bluff, in the shape of a pyramid and about 350 feet high. It is composed of sand-stone and thousands of names are written on it or rather cut with knives. Several of us climbed high as we could and cut our names, I suppose for the last time. 'Tis said that when Col. Fremont came to this rock he stopped his company for several days, trying to ascend the top, but could

not. It is fast mouldering to ruins and if you don't look sharp, my friends, you will never see it. The road, this afternoon, left the river and to-night we have no water for our cattle, but we filled some kegs and hauled along for culinary purposes. Our camp to-night is 8 miles from the river.

21st.—This morning we started early to get water for the cattle soon as possible, but we cannot reach it before night. In our travel to-day, we passed two French and Indian trading posts of sixteen years' standing. They live on game, principally, and they are not particular what kind. As we passed to-day they killed a large dog, which was very fat. They made soup of him. It was held by the men while the women beat it to death with clubs. They all then dragged it to a large fire and singed the hair off. It was soon cut in pieces and in the pot, cooking. I did not stay to eat with them—although they invited me, but I believe some of the other boys did. It has not been long since we eat our breakfast and I don't wish to make dog soup a *desert* on my "Bill of Fare," yet awhile. Along here there is some timber of a shrubby nature. The sick of our train are considerably better, but there are many far from being well, and as we approach the mountains we conceive that our danger is lessened. We use river water exclusively, although it is very muddy. Late we found tolerably good grass and camped.

22d.—This morning we got started about an hour after sun up, as we generally do, and traveled about 20 miles and camped on the river bank. No one who has never performed it can have an adequate idea of the amount of labor it takes to perform this trip. At night, when we get into camp, every man is tired; well, here are 60 or 70 men hungry and must be fed; the cattle must be driven away perhaps for miles to grass and the sick must be attended to. For the last three weeks only a small number have had all this to do. We have but few cooking utensils; each mess has a coffee pot, frying pan, a tin plate and cup, apiece. I believe there are three or four skillets, or ovens, in company, but it is very seldom we can get wood, sufficient to cook with them. Along in the start, for a while, we had light sheet-iron stoves, but without good wood they are a "dead letter," buffalo "chips" would not burn in them.

23d.—To-day we crossed Larimie river, a narrow but very swift stream; it was from 2 to 4 feet deep. We crossed with

but little difficulty. Fort Larimie stands on the west bank of this river and is a beautiful location for a Fort. It is a far better looking place than Fort Kearney. We drove on some distance past the Fort and stopped an hour or two and grazed our cattle ; giving all a chance to write home—which many availed themselves of the opportunity. Here Capt. Robinson gave in a list of the number of men, cattle and wagons, in our company, and also the number of deaths—which is a customary thing with all companies. Camped on the river. The sick slowly recovering.

24th.—To-day we laid by part of the day to rest our stock. Passed some warm springs to-day, where a man had encamped and there died, leaving his wife and children in a land of strangers. Oh, when shall our sorrows have an end ? Our path seems to lie through a vale of afflictions. I am now scarcely able to sit up and have been unwell for several days. We are now fast approaching the Rocky Mountains, where I sincerely hope we shall all regain our wonted health. The task of keeping my Journal now is almost intolerable and I sometimes almost conclude to give it up. But then I recollect I promised my friends that I would keep one and having got thus far, I am induced to labor on. I have stolen the time in which I am recording these lines. Dear reader, I hope you will forgive me. Our road was bad to-day. Soon we will be in the Black Hills, which is the beginning of the R. Mountains.

25th.—This morning we leave the Platte river and travel along on the hills for 80 miles and then return to the same old river. The bottoms on this river are getting very narrow and are sandy, affording but little grass. It has its source in the summit of the Rocky Mountains. The weather still keeps tolerably pleasant. The road to-day was tolerably good. But few Indians inhabit these desolate regions ; we have not seen one for some time. Found good water this evening but very little grass—plenty of wood.

26th.—All the sick seem to be getting well ; R. Stuart and F. Nitterhouse, who were at the point of death, are now out of danger, besides many others who were very low. To day we had an awful rough road, it was up one steep hill and down another all day, but we were charmed with the delightful prospects which nature here affords. In front of us could be seen the Rocky Mountains, rearing their snowy summits

high among the clouds; on either side of us, in the plains; high as the eye can reach, were scattered groves of the most beautiful pine, affording a beautiful shade for the Antelope and Mountain Sheep, which inhabit this region of country.

"There are robes of purple and crowns of gold  
Hung upon the forest-trees,  
But the pine's dark mantle is sere and old,  
And it sighs on the passing breeze,  
As though there hung in the balmy air  
A harp of the spirit land."

Many places our road led through long groves of beautiful shrubbery, which serve as resting places for the weary traveler. We crossed many little cooling streams, and here we quenched our raging thirst. Oh, what a treat it was to taste pure water again. We had been drinking bad water ever since we started, and now it seemed to inspire every breath with thankfulness to God, that we were permitted to taste of the rich treasures of earth again. And yet how many drink down the wholesome draught and never return one thought in prayer. Camped to-night at a good spring, but had no grass for our cattle—plenty of wood.

27th.—To-day we traveled about 18 miles, over a very hilly road and very sandy. These rough and tiresome roads humble our cattle a little. Some of them don't now kick our shins when we hitched them as they used to do. Poor fellows, I wish they may always be able to kick, but it is with them as with us "sore trials yet await them." A. J. Jeffries was taken to-day with cholera and is this evening very bad. The doctor gave him two double portions of calomel, which appeared to have a salutary effect. We are now traveling on the Black Hills, they look dreary and unproductive. The country presents quite a different aspect to what it did yesterday. Camped on a beautiful stream, and drove our cattle two miles to a little patch of grass.

28th.—The country we passed over to-day, has a wild, romantic appearance, but it is as barren as a desert, affording scarcely any grass at all, and the road was awful stony, which has almost ruined our cattle's feet. We have two cows in the company, which give milk, out of which we make some rich dishes of soup for the sick. Daniel B. Clark, Thomas Davis and myself bought one of the cows and we have a rich dish of soup, frequently, to ourselves. This day has been cool and

very cloudy. This evening we camped on a beautiful little stream; narrow, swift and deep; the water is cool and almost healing. It is shaded on both sides with a beautiful shubbery and for miles, both above and below, may be heard its waters, tumbling over little casades. Oh, how I would like to pitch my tent and sojourn here a little while and wonder up and down these rock-bound banks; but alas! I must take my staff and travel on.

29th.—Pulled up stakes early this morning and rolled on toward the land of gold. To-day we crossed several small creeks with much difficulty, also Deer Creek, a considerable stream, swift, deep and full of fish. Here is a great camping place, hundreds are here resting their cattle, fishing and cooking. Here we saw some men shoeing their cattle with sole leather, their feet were worn out, crossing the Black Hills, an introduction to the Rocky Mountains. This evening we reached the Platte river again, and camped close to the river, without any grass, it being so late when we got here and our cattle so tired we concluded we had better let them rest until morning, rather than rush them perhaps three or four miles, over rocks in search of grass, and then perhaps not find any. Mr. Jeffries is thought to be some better this evening. This is Saturday evening and I would'nt cry if I was at home.

30th.—On Sunday morning, the last day of June, we started very early and traveled 5 miles and stopped for the day. We camped in a beautiful grove of cotton-wood, on the river bank where we had plenty of wood, here we done some scientific cooking. We found grass for our cattle by driving them four miles south of the road away in the Black Hills where Milton's Satan wandered from the wrath of heaven, but even here God hath left a witness, for we saw an Indian skulking about among the rocks, who, I expect, knows no more about the great "Nanibonji" than a hog knows about metaphysics. While we stayed here we threw several of our cattle and nailed sole leather on their feet. It being Sunday and all in camp to-day, the boys had a great deal to say about home and the gals they left behind them.

JULY 1st.—This morning we started out after our cattle very early, and soon were on our way, but with heavy hearts. Those lofty mountains far ahead, but which we see every day, seem to bid defiance, yet if they are worse than these Black Hills, we are crossing, we had better give it up

at once and cry "lost pup." The shoes which we nailed on our oxen yesterday are doing some little good, but many are lost off already, and our cattle begin to look bad, principally on account of their feet being very sore. The health of our company is now getting much better; which I am rejoiced to see. When we were nearly all sick on the Platte Bottom we had good roads and consequently not much trouble in driving, but now we have a new and more extensive field of labor and we must have more laborers. Here are the Rocky Mountains and they must be crossed, for the land of gold lies far beyond. This evening we camped on the river bank, near the Red Butts, which you can see by looking on the map of the United States. The California and Oregon route are one, until the summit of the Rocky Mountains, where the Oregon road turns to the right. We now send men ahead to hunt grass.

2d.—To-day we crossed the North Fork of the Platte river for the first and last time, I hope. We crossed on boats made of the timber which grows along here on the river. The Ferry is kept by some emigrants, who started out very early. They charge five dollars for each wagon and one dollar for Cattle, &c., but we swam our cattle and crossed all in safety. These ferrymen have made an endless fortune, this season, here, off the emigrants. As usual, at the prominent crossings on streams, thousands were assembled here awaiting their turn to cross. Here was another burying ground, for many had toiled on thus far and had to give o'er life's troubles, in this dark wilderness. Oh, how hard it must be to die unpitied and unattended, far from home and friends, where there is no kind father or mother to bind up the aching head, and no kind sister to hear the last expiring wish; and yet how many meet with this dreaded fate! Several have died and are buried here and some are dying now while many are very sick, waiting the dreaded hour, when they shall be no more. Here there is but little grass, and there is no grass nor water ahead for 20 miles, so we filled our kegs from the river, to make us a little coffee this evening, and started on. We had not gone far until we had a "*Stampede*;" all the teams ran away with the wagons, but fortunately no harm was done, except knocking the horn off a steer. We traveled on until dark and tied our cattle to the wagons and the sage brush, which now begins to make its appearance, and is a good substitute for wood.

3d.—This morning we started by day-light, without any

breakfast and traveled until 8 o'clock before we reached water—about twenty miles. We have now come to where there is a great deal of alkali water, which is fatal to cattle or horses if they are allowed to drink it. We have passed a great number of dead animals to-day, which have been poisoned by drinking this water. The country, along here, presents a rough, rugged and sterile appearance; almost destitute of any grass, and producing nothing but wild sage a shrub, which grows in bunches, from two to four feet high, resembling a little our garden sage. The weather now is becoming cooler as we begin to ascend the foot of the mountains, and the roads very rocky and sandy. For the past week the weather has been extraordinary fine. We are still on the Black Hills, some of which are very high. The touring mountains are in full view every day, and oh, how anxious we are to reach their lofty summits. To-day could be seen a tremendous storm slowly moving over a high mountain and such a scene of grandeur and terror, I will never forget. Far ahead of us it was all dark, gloomy, chilly, threatening and destructive-like. Oh, what a magnificent array of elements, what a sublime spectacle of God's power. This evening we camped at the Willow springs and found grass for our stock, about three miles north of the road. Our cattle suffered to-day extremely for water; we had much difficulty keeping them from the alkali water along the road.

4th.—This day has been a remarkably pleasant one, but it has been spent by me at least, in an unpleasant manner. We traveled eighteen miles on a very sandy and dusty road, and yet we had another "Stampede." As we started this morning we had a long hill to ascend, and in going up this, our cattle gave us another splendid exhibition of their fleetness but we succeeded in stopping them in their wild career, before they got to the top of the hill. Oh, what a destructive sight it would have been had they started going down the hill. Thus far we have been remarkably lucky, with our Stampedes. To-day my thoughts have turned in on me and the sweet remembrance of home and friends and what I know is going on there, on this memorable day, almost makes we wish I was some where else. But here we are in camp this evening near what is called Lone Rock, which is about 100 feet high, and notwithstanding we have forgotten and lost sight of many things since we left our homes, there is one thing fresh



in our memories yet, that our freedom was bought with blood and we are bound to celebrate the day that prompted our forefathers to such heroic deeds. David Loofborrow ascended the stage (Lone Rock) and there delivered an exciting speech which we credited by loud applause. Jimmy Aigin was heard to say "Thank God." (He is the little Irishman who figured in the battle we had with the Pawnee Tribe, on Platte Bottom.) This evening we found good grass and water one mile from the road. Here we had to burn "Buffalo Chips" to cook with. We now have no cases of dangerous sickness but many are not able to walk yet, and require considerable attention. For the last two weeks the grass has been so scarce that we let our cattle graze all night and then they cannot get half enough, and having to drive them, generally, two or three miles from our camp for grass; we guard them by pitching a tent among them and six or eight sleeping in it. I enquired of several of the boys, to-day, where they thought they would spend the next Fourth of July, some seemed to think they had spent the last on earth, while others thought they would have a "Bust" in California. The privation of the comforts of life and society form no small share of the miseries of this trip. And now I begin to appreciate the truth of the saying that, imaginary evils form no small share of the miseries of life and contentment, and hope of earthly things is delusive as "will with the wish."

5th.—This morning we start on, we know not where, whether to California or the grave, and some are so much way-worn that they are unconcerned as to their fate. This day reminds me of Sabbath, all is calm and quiet and the weather is exceedingly pleasant. We reached the Sweetwater river, about 10 o'clock, which is a beautiful stream, three feet deep and about 80 feet wide, its waters are clear, cold and pleasant. Here, at the crossing, stands Independence Rock, a great natural curiosity. It is five hundred yards long and three hundred yards wide, and about two hundred feet high, composed of hard granite rock; thousands of names are written on it. It stands on the plain all alone, at the foot of the Rocky mountains; you will see it laid down on the map of the United States. We camped, this evening, at what is called the Devil's Gate. Here the Sweetwater passes

through a narrow defile of rocks, fifteen feet wide and four hundred feet high on each side, extending about one half a mile in length. The sublimity and grandeur of the place are indescribable and is certainly a great display of God's works, and is well worth any travelers' attention. This evening we drove our cattle near four miles to grass, over hills and hollows, too bad to tell of. Our cattle's feet are very sore now.

6th.—To-day we concluded, as we found good grass, to rest our cattle until to-morrow. Sickness has now left us since we left Fort Kearney, but none are now to say bad. The health of the emigrants has got better as we approach the mountains, and we don't now witness so many cases of sickness and death, nor so many graves as hitherto.

7th.—This is a glorious morning, for it is the Sabbath. From this place can be seen mountain after mountain, covered with eternal snow—piling their white tops one above another, to an incredible height. We traveled to-day, about twenty miles on a very sandy road which makes it very disagreeable, and camped on the banks of the Sweetwater again. This river heads on the summit ridge of the Rocky Mountains and affords us pure water for which may we ever be thankful. From this place the Indians stole a team of horses, on yesterday, in day light. I believe they are the Crow Tribe. We have no grass this evening and our cattle are getting tired of fasting. We still continue to pass a great many graves but not so many as heretofore. To-day I saw a man who had just buried his wife; he told me she had grieved herself to death. He had left home under very favorable circumstances having more than he could use in all his life, but not content, started across these plains with his wife and three little children, he said that he started with a carriage for his family to ride in, but it had broken down and they were obliged to ride in the wagon, the Indians had stolen his horses and the man he had employed to drive his ox team had left him, and he, not used to labor, had to walk and drive the team. His wife and children had walked to favor the team until they could go no more and soon after died, he said that he did not expect to live much longer himself. He related to me his wife's dying lecture to him, which made me feel as I had felt before. This

man, and many others, like old Aaron, wanted enough of gold to make a scalp, perhaps for other fools to worship. Pollok's description of the miser now presents itself to my mind and truly represents our case :

"Gold many hunted, sweat and bled for gold,  
Waked all the night and labored all the day,  
And what was this allurements, dost thou ask?  
A dust dug from the bowels of the earth—  
Which, being cast into the fire came out  
A shining thing that fools admired and called  
A god, and in devout and humble plight,  
Before it kneeled the greater to the less;  
And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,  
Truth, faith, integrity, good conscience,  
Friends, love, charity, benevolence and all  
The sweet and tender sympathies of life."

8th.—Last night was cold enough to freeze some, but to-day is pleasant. The roads are now awful dusty and sandy, that we can hardly tell what color we are when we get into camp at night. Many of our cattle are getting so tender-footed that we cannot work them but turn them loose and drive them along the side of the road. Crossed the Sweetwater three times to-day and camped in a small bottom, on the bank, where we had tolerable grass. We are now living on what we have been since we started: bread, bacon and coffee; sometimes we stir a little flour among some hot grease, and call it gravey; some of the boys are very fond of it. We have no good way of cooking bread here, where we have no wood scarcely and often not time to cook anything of account, but hunger makes amends for all these little faults, and so far we have not suffered much with hunger nor thirst, true we have had no good water yet with some exceptions.

9th.—We have beautiful weather now and the mountain breezes are almost healing, yet some of our men are complaining this morning of having the mountain fever, but they are not very bad. Last night was very cold, so that a person can now enjoy a good over-coat, of nights and mornings. To-day, about 3 o'clock, David Pucket was taken with cholera and to-night is very bad, at least but little hope of his recovery, and this is painful to see, for he is a kind boy. We traveled about 28 miles and camped on the banks of the Sweetwater, in a beautiful valley, here we found no grass at all; hundreds are here camped for the night; all have to tie their cattle to the wagons to starve until morning, as they have done

all day. Here are the way-worn and leg-weary, the sick, the dying, the dead, and the graves of many who have already died. More than five hundred head of stock are here suffering much for food. Mr. Pucket is very bad, late this evening, but the doctor is doing all he can for him.

10th.—Early we were on the road, in order to reach grass soon as possible. We crossed the Sweetwater four times today; all good crossing, and at the end of eleven miles we stopped for the day, but found nothing here, scarcely, but willows for our cattle, and they are now suffering extremely, for food, and from the appearance of some of them now, I think their suffering time will soon be o'er. We passed several wagons, this morning, with families of women and little children, and oh, what sad countenances they wear; they remind me of a train of mourners, following the remains of some departed friend to the tomb, and perhaps this may be the case with them before another sun shall set, and it may be our painful task, none but God can tell, who of us shall appear before him next. Oh, solemn thought! and if we judge the future by the past, it will not be long when not one of us will be left to tell the tale of our woes; hope in many has almost given way for despair, but long as there is life there is hope and they struggle on. Mr. Pucket seems to be about as he was yesterday. Nothing here to cook with but willows.

11th:—Mr. Pucket appears to be a little better this morning, and we start on truly with faltering steps and sorrowful looks. We are now climbing the mountains, the dreaded mountains that we have seen and peared so long; they have a very proper name. We passed a great snow bank, where we had some fun snow-balling each other, which reminded us of our school boy days. The snow was now melting which kept the ground around it moist, and here the grass and flowers were springing up most beautifully. This day reminds me of October, being cool and pleasant. This morning Robinson & Ogle left a good wagon. Some of our teams are well nigh gone, and many in our company begin to fear they will never reach the Pacific Slope. For the last two weeks we have found but little grass for our cattle, and during that time we have had the worst road imaginable. From 8 o'clock in the morning until 4 in the evening there is a strong wind, blowing every day, from the west; this blows the sand and dust in our eyes so bad that we are forced to wear ascarf

over our eyes all day. The sand and dust is generally from one to three inches deep, and this causes hard drawing. Here the emigrants begin to unload themselves of every hindering cause; they find they have a thousand things they cannot use; they now, for the first time, see that their wagons are all too heavy, also their yokes and log-chains. Thousands had supplied themselves with extra chains, rings, king-bolts, &c., &c. I say thousands, for I am confident that I have passed near one thousand log-chains, during the past two weeks; they throw away the heavy ones and take the light ones; calculating by the time they break a light one a yoke of cattle will be dead, and I must say that I think this is good economy. A great many have left their wagons along here, on account of their teams giving out, they then double their teams and make light pulling. We traveled sixteen miles to-day and arrived at Willow Creek, where we camped, and after driving our stock three miles up the creek we found good grass. Thank fortune, here are some beautiful clusters of green willows, and various flowers which gives to the place a romantic appearance, and here the dead are buried.

12th.—To-day we start in the South Pass, and this morning we crossed the Sweetwater for the last time; and here, at the crossing, are several graves but no stone is planted there to tell who lies there. The ascent is so graded, in the Pass, that you can scarcely perceive it. The road is still very sandy and dusty and the wind is blowing the sand all the time. We are now out of sight of a train of emigrants, some are bound for Oregon. This is truly a desolate region of country along on the Back-Bone of these mountains. We arrived at the Pacific Springs this evening, where we are now in camp for the night. These are the largest springs in the Rocky Mountains, and the water is as cold as ice. Here we had no grass for our cattle again. Mr. Pucket is now very low; no hopes of his recovery; he is suffering awfully. The ballance of our sick are mending but very slowly. Hard times is the by-word from all that we meet.

13th.—Started early this morning and traveled twenty-three miles before we found grass for our cattle, that had none since night before last, and when we got into camp this evening some of them were on the point of giving up their ghosts. The road to-day was exceedingly dusty, and the sand and dust blew so hard that many times we could not see

the teams. This afternoon we came to where the road forks, the right hand leading to Oregon, via Fort Hall, and the left to California, via the great Salt Lake and City of the Desert; here we all took the left hand road, except John Murry and James Bridewell, who joined themselves to a company that was going to Oregon, fearing that we would never get to California. We camped on a small stream, called Little Sandy, this evening, where we had but little grass. To-day we passed several wagons, which had been left, and a great many good log-chains, &c., &c.

14th.—Started early this morning and traveled about six miles and found good grass, near three miles off the road; we here drove our wagons to the grass too, for we intend to stay here until to-morrow. Here one of our cattle died, being poisoned by drinking Alkali water. Wild sage here is as thick as it can stand, and on the creek willows grow spontaneously, where the wolves and hares find a good hiding place. Occasionally may be seen some few antelope and elk, skipping about. The country around here is perfectly barren, except along the little streams, where, in some places is found good grass and willows. David Pucket is still alive but he certainly cannot last long, notwithstanding all has been done that could be to save him.

15th.—This is Monday morning, which finds us on our sickly course to the promised land. We are now about two thousand miles from our homes, on our way down the western side of the Rocky Mountains, and over one thousand miles from California, and we cannot, or dare not say as Bonaparte did before he crossed the Alps, "is the route practicable," but we must push on and see for we cannot retrace our steps. Mountains rise high before us and long deserts lie between us and our western home, and they must be crossed or we perish in the wilderness, but we have some friends who are gone before and we are determined to follow on. The road to-day was awful dusty but not very stony; we traveled five miles and reached a creek, called Big Sandy, where we camped in a beautiful bottom, and found grass for the stock, about three miles south of the road. We have had no rain for a long time, not since we left the Platte Bottom, I believe. The weather is cool of nights, yet pleasant during the day. Mr. Pucket is near his last, death seems to follow us.

16th.—All is still and solemn this morning, for the work of

death is seen; David Pucket is no more; he died this morning, just before day and was burried at 7 o'clock, on the banks of Big Sandy, ten miles east of Green river. No relative was there to shed a tear over his grave; he was quite a youth and certainly was an exception to human nature. He told me, a short time before he died, that he had always succeeded in doing what he conceived to be right, that he had started to California to get money enough to educate himself, that he might be useful in the world, and that he did not regret the least that he had to die for he was going to heaven. Oh, what a source of consolation this must be to his bereaved parents. Before he died his request was that all should attend his burrial, so all did that could, and when he was laid in the grave, Mr. More read one of the Psalms of David, sung a hymn and prayed for the living, and when the grave was covered o'er we returned to camp, with sadened hearts. Man cannot become familiar with such scenes. We started on, traveled ten miles and came to Green river, a deep and rapid stream, over which we had to ferry our wagons. This ferry is kept by the Mormons, they charge \$4.50 per wagon. We could not cross to-day, on account of a great many being here before us and the ferry-boat being small and having to be worked by hand it was rather slow work, so we swam our cattle over and then drove them up the river about three miles to tolerably good grass. Here McDean's cattle being so near given out, we left one of his wagons and doubled the team. His cattle are too small and poor to go much farther, I think. One of his wagons, being so large and heavy, would now make too heavy a load for four yoke of the cattle, provided it was empty. We crossed part of the wagons to-day.

17th.—Last night, being so many assembled here, I believe they had something like a stag-dance; several violins were going all night and the boys were merry as crickets under hearth stones. All hands were engaged, this afternoon, in helping the Ferrymen get the wagons on and off the boat and rowing over. The river is six hundred yards wide and very swift and deep. We had all over the river and ready to start by 12 o'clock, then we started and traveled fourteen miles and camped, with but little grass and no water; part of the company, after halting a little, drove on to Black Fork, a branch of Green river, where they arrived about midnight. We are now traveling through a dangerous land, infested with Alkali

water and Snake Indians. We have been traveling, since we left Fort Laramie, over one of the most desolate parts of this world, I suppose; the soil almost universally, has the appearance of the sea shore.

18th.—This morning we started early and traveled to Black Fork, where we found the ballance of our company again. Here we found our old Illinois friends, whom we spoke of being attacked by the Pawnee Indians, on the Platte bottom; death has separated some of them. We crossed Ham's Fork, which is also a tributary to Green river, the water is clear as crystal and plenty of grass grows on its banks. Ogle & Robinson lost a yoke of cattle to-day; caused by drinking Alkali water, of which there is plenty in these regions. Thousands of cattle, mules and horses die with the nauseous and poisonous stuff. This evening we crossed Black's Fork again, and after traveling about twenty-two miles the evening shades began to appear and we pitched our tents, and tarried until morning. We are now very cautious for fear our stock will get to poisonous water, in searching about for both good and bad water. Jacob Sperry found a large lake, which proved to be good water, and in honor to the discoverer, we called it Sperry's Lake.

19th.—Again we are on the way to Ophir, and in traveling five miles, we came to Black Fork, where, in a short distance, we crossed it twice, for the last time, and after traveling twenty-four miles over a rather picturesque part of the country, we reached a beautiful valley, of fertile soil. In this valley there is a fort, called Fort Bridger, after the old pioneer who built it and lives there near where we have camped. This valley is certainly very rich and affords the best of grass; it is watered by seven beautiful streams running through it called Rushing Creeks. These streams are from ten to twenty feet wide, and from one to three feet deep of clear cold water, just from the mountain tops. The Fort is occupied by a number of French and Indians of the Snake tribe, who live well and prosper by trading. The chief articles they have to trade are furs, moccasins, whiskey, milk, buckskin pantaloons, &c.; they sell milk at 10 cents a pint and whiskey at two dollars per pint. They have hundreds of very fine cattle and horses, which the Indians take a great delight in riding. This is the only place which I have seen, for many hundred miles, that is fit for the abode of man,



and this is truly beautiful; here the wild rose and wild flowers flourish and bloom in all their varieties, and green grows the willows on the banks of the ice cold streams of Rushing Creeks, while all around are towering snow-capped mountains shooting their tops high up in heaven, presenting at once an appearance to the beholder, perfectly sublime and enrapturing.

20th.—This morning we are told that over one hundred lodges of Indians are to meet here to-day, at the Fort to exhibit five thousand horses, a prize they have taken from the Utah tribe, with whom they have been at war. They must have fought a good fight, and I should be very glad to stay here to-day and see them exhibit their trophies of war, but something seems to say, stay not till to-morrow's sun. We gathered our teams and marched away toward the land where we hope to rest. We traveled until noon and rested an hour, as we always do, but not at so good a spring as we did to-day. This afternoon we were caught in a storm of rain and thunder which did not come up to our expectations, for we felt as we used to feel on the Platte Bottom, at an inundation. Here we took the start of our bullocks and unhitched them, and then some were hard to hold from running off. When we reached Muddy creek, part of the trains encamped for the night and the balance went on about four miles further to a good spring, here we found splendid grass.

21st.—This is the Sabbath day again, it seems to me that Sunday comes very often now. It is a very pleasant day and this morning I felt lost when I contrasted my condition now with my Buckeye days, so I concluded that I would steal away from the train and get into some solitary place and once more enjoy a Sabbath day reverey, and I strayed away from the road and found a beautiful little valley of grass, where I laid myself down to read a book, which I had borrowed, and while I laid here in all this glory, I insensibly fell into the arms of sweet morpheus, who conducted me straight away to dream-land; here it was like it is in this world, false and yet how fair; there I saw no elephant to affright my soul with fear, or chill my blood with horror, but all was calm and placid as an infant's dream.

"Here I saw the banks and bonny braes,  
Which gladden'd my childhood's days."

For two long hours I was in far-off lands, and was at last con-

ducted back by a California pilgrim tapping me on the shoulder and telling me that I had better get up and go to the road before the Indians would take me. Well now was'nt that too bad ; the friend who wakened me had taken, what he thought, a near cut on the road, and found me ; I was at least three hour's travel behind the teams; and now came another of those fatigueing jaunts to catch up, which we have already experienced a hundred times. After walking hard for fifteen miles I found them all encamped, on the west bank of Bear river, which is an exceedingly swift stream ; the water is cold and clear, and on its banks are some very beautiful natural scenery. It flows into the Great Salt Lake. To-day we passed over the summit ridge of the Rocky Mountains, which is several hundred feet higher than the South Pass. To-day the company lost some more cattle, by getting poisoned with Alkali. Last night we had a little shower of rain.

22d.—Farewell to Bear river, we have started, traveled all day and stopped again at a good spring, and now I have set down to tell you all that happened. In the first place, we went down a narrow valley, about ten miles, and old Drag, our good old wheel steer, gave out, and we left him to perish in the mountains ; then we entered a deep and narrow ravine, the rocks on either side, in many places rising to the height of eight hundred feet, and overhanging the road ; this led us down into what is called Echo hollow, so called on account of sound reverberating from all points. The road down these tavines and hollows is bad, beyond all description ; so gentle reader you will have to loose the wings of your lively imagination, and fancy yourself there, and when you are once there, you can see every thing just as I saw it, provided nothing has altered since I left ; but there is one thing certain the cut can never grow up so close but there will be a scar left. We traveled, in all, to-day, about twenty miles and found ourselves where I am now.

23d.—Huge mountains seemed to block up our pathway to-day, but we rolled over them, like the tide sweeps over the main. We also had considerable difficulty, crossing some small streams ; some places the wagons would sink in the mud over the hubs. After we got into camp this evening, we had gone about eighteen miles. We now find tolerably good grass, on this side of the mountains. The sick of our train have been strengthening for some time past, so that the health

of our company is now pretty good. He that goes to California, the over-land route, has to work his passage or die in the plains. For the last week we have, as before, passed a great many wagons, log-chains, yokes, &c., left by emigrants, not being able to take them any further. The dust that almost put out our eyes a few days ago is not so bad now. Encamped at a good spring.

24th.—To-day we had squally times, passing over some of the worst roads imaginable, sometimes passed over mountains covered with rocks, and at other times we wound our way through long groves of beautiful cottonwood trees, interspersed with pine and cedar, and all day we traveled

Where the tall cedars grow  
And the bright waters flow.

Vegetation is springing forth here in abundance and the soil appears more productive than further back, and the mountains present a bold and sublime appearance.

25th.—The timber to-day is of some larger growth, being more pine and some few shrubby oaks. To-day our path led over some exceedingly high mountains; the road was desperate. Our cattle are wearing away very fast, on these mountains, but we have got the most of them along so far. We pitched our tents this evening near a great spring.

26th.—This morning we started down what is called the Kanyon, an exceedingly deep and narrow ravine, through which flows a beautiful stream of water, cold as ice; this stream we crossed thirty times, in traveling eight miles, the length of the Kanyon; some of these crossings were very bad, the mud being very deep. This Kanyon leads down to the great Salt Lake valley, and along it grows some beautiful shrubbery, which served to amuse us a little when we were toiling through. The road through this Kanyon is certainly the worst on earth at least, I think that I have already passed over some awful bad roads, but this is so much worse that it baffles all description. But adieu to the Rocky Mountains, we have at last triumphed over the last obstacle which they presented. We entered the valley about 3 o'clock this afternoon and traveled six miles up it, passing through the city of the Desert, one mile beyond to the river Jordan, where we encamped. This is truly an extensive valley, being one hundred miles long and twenty wide, containing about 20,000 inhabitants. The population of the city is 8,000, chiefly Mor-

mons. The houses are generally but one story high, and built of brick dried in the sun. The streets run at right angles and are six rods wide and on each side of every street runs a clear stream of mountain water conducted from the mountains by ditches, and of this water they use for all purposes. This valley is almost surrounded by mountains, whose tops are covered with perpetual snow. It seldom ever rains in the valley and their fields and gardens are watered by small streams, led by furrows through all parts of them. The city is twenty miles from the lake and one mile east of the river Jordan, which is eight feet deep and forty yards wide. The Utah Indians inhabit some parts of this valley; they have a camp near us, on Jordan, they are very filthy and selfish. Produce of all kinds is dear here, we paid \$25.00 per hundred for flour and other things sell in about the same proportion. They are now engaged in building a large commercial house, and yet they have no code of civil law amongst them, but the church officers are the supreme arbiters of all cases. Little or no regard is paid to the Sabbath here, all kinds of trading is going on that day.

27th.—Yesterday evening we swam our cattle over Jordan and drove them to good grass, and to-day we are, as well as our cattle, trying to rest a little and recruit our weary bodies. To-day I spent the greater part of the day in the city with the Mormon brethern, whom I found to be very sociable, kind and accommodating, and as I have had no good "creature comforts" for a long time, I took dinner with them, for which they charged 50 cents, and when I sat down to their table, which was burdened with all the rich comforts of life, my heart was filled with gratitude, and my thoughts were turned on the joys of other days. I also took supper with them, and they told me the story of their trials coming here, &c. Their average crops of wheat per acre is about fifty bushels, and corn does not grow well here for the want of frequent showers.

28th.—This is the Sabbath and nearly all are bound for church to-day at the Bowery, where Mr. Pratt is to preach. I went to town but I had so much to look at that I did not attend the service but was present at the benediction and saw the ladies disperse, which was "some;" they are generally handsome, dress neat and with a deep sense of propriety and comfort. To-day I shared the hospitalities of the Mormon friends again. The health of this city is very good.

29th.—To-day we have been making necessary preparations to leave the Mormon city to-morrow. However this morning we held a meeting, to conclude which road we would take from this place, there being two, one which goes north of the lake, through Fort Hall, and one leading south of the lake, called the Cut off or Hastings' route, intersecting the other road at the head of the Humbolt or St. Mary's river, about four hundred miles from here. After a short deliberation, we concluded to take the latter road. Here our physician whom we had employed to travel all the way with us left and took the northern road, but the health of our company is good at this time. To-day I attended a lawsuit at the Bowery. It was instituted by two men, who had paid a man to bring them to California, and on arriving here the parties fell out and the defendant claimed that he had already brought them to California, Salt Lake being in California, and would take them no farther. The parties had Mormon Attorneys employed, who seemed to be extra officers in collecting the facts of the case, and after diverting the spectators for a while with gass-eloquence and technical ingenuity the Just Judge decided that the obliger should refund one-half the passage money—which was enforced forthwith. I had almost forgotten to say that we moved our wagons over Jordan, this evening. We can now sing,

"Our home is over Jordan."

But there is no halalujah to it. The soil, in this valley is exceedingly rich, and yields every thing in abundance, except corn; yet there is no timber in all the valley, which obliges them to haul their fire-wood from the mountains, a distance of several miles.

30th.—This morning I feel down in the mouth, for I feel just as if I were leaving home; in fact much more, for already I have been disappointed badly in the roads and in the sorrows and trials of the trip, and knowing that the worst of the journey is yet to be completed, I almost wish I never had been born. But we hitched up and started on, casting a wishful look behind, where all seems to be happiness, peace and plenty, but ahead all is discouragement, toil, hunger and death. Oh, who can live and not despair under such circumstances, but here is a little band that is bound to go through if God alone is willing. Our cattle seem to be considerably revived. We traveled sixteen miles, over a very dusty road to

a good spring—encamped and found good grass.

31st.—Started early this morning and traveled until 9 o'clock, when we reached the Great Salt Lake, which is certainly a great curiosity. Here the Mormons make their salt; three buckets full of the water make one of pure salt, the finest in the world. Here a number of us took a long bath; the water being so heavy with salt that a person cannot sink from the surface, and clear as crystal. We traveled twenty-two miles and encamped at a good spring and good grass, but had awful dusty roads. The water generally along here is brackish.

AUGUST 1st.—This morning we met some Mormon men who had been conducting some emigrants out ten or twelve days travel on this road and they told us that we were within twenty-eight miles of an eighty mile desert and that we would have to cut grass here to feed our cattle, while crossing, so we took our scythes and mowed each team a large pile of grass and loaded it into the wagons and got ready to start by 2 o'clock this evening. We now have to travel twenty-eight miles from here before we reach water, so after cooking enough here to do us this evening and in the morning and filled our kegs with water, we started on and traveled late; our cattle must suffer all night, for water, and travel hard all day to-morrow, through the dust, until night, before we reach it—this is too hard.

2d.—Bright and early, this morning, we were on the road and traveled on through dust and heat for eighteen miles, when we reached two good springs, away up on the side of a mountain, two miles from the road, and going these two last miles, up hill you ought to have seen the bullocks heave when they smelt the water; some of them, however, gave up and would not pull a pound, for they could'nt. At these springs is a great camping place, and about fifty wagons are now camped here. There is some little dry bunch grass here and we intend to stay here until to-morrow evening and rest our cattle. We are now seventeen miles from the starting point across the desert, and having good water and plenty of wood, all are engaged in cooking for the desert.

3d.—This forenoon all were engaged in cooking yet. I cooked eleven large flat cakes this morning, in a skillet which I borrowed from a couple of ladies who had got through cooking. Some good looking and well dressed Indi-

ans visited our camp this morning; we interrogated them considerably, respecting the desert we had to cross, which they appeared to know all about, but we could not properly understand them. We staid at the springs until 2 o'clock, then started and drove six miles to another good spring and camped for the night.

4th.—This morning we filled all the kegs we had, at this place, for this is the last fresh water spring for perhaps over a hundred miles, and started on and went eleven miles to the last spring on this side of the desert, and camped for the day. Here we found only tolerably good grass and the water uncommon brackish and scarce, so that we cannot get enough for our stock.

5th.—This morning there are hundreds here preparing to make a start about 12 o'clock into the dreaded desert. Hundreds are gathered around this spring, which is very brackish, and contains a portion of sulphur, quarrelling about who shall fill their cask first or get water for their famishing cattle or horses. Many are fearful they will never get any of their stock across. No one knows the exact distance across this desert, but the most that are here now are filling everything that will hold water. It is from this spring about ninety miles to the city of Desert which we left six days ago. About 1 o'clock to-day we started into the field of desolation; for the first fourteen miles we had to travel over a very high and rough mountain, the road over which being so rough and sidling that we had to hold our wagons from upsetting, with ropes. We reached the foot of the mountain, on the other side about sunset, where we rested a short time and took some refreshments; then we started on our nocturnal journey. The road is exceedingly dusty, and appears to be perfectly level. Nothing grows along here but wild sage which always grows in dry sand, but after traveling until midnight the country appeared to assume a different appearance somewhat, being an extensive plain, destitute of everything, even of wild sage, and yet we crossed one steep hill in the night, when we had to put our shoulders to the wheel in earnest, lifting the wheels over rocks three and four feet high almost perpendicular, here we done some of the right kind of whooping and hollowing and it was done just when the man's damsel plum tree was cut, one dark still night when no man could see and when no man did see. Also we passed a wagon which

had a sick man in it who was about to perish for water so Capt. Robinson put him in his wagon and we traveled on until daylight when we found that some of our cattle were nearly gone and some of us not much better.

6th.—This morning we stopped and rested about an hour, taking a little breakfast, giving our cattle about a quart of water a piece and some hay. It has the appearance of being cloudy to-day, and oh, if it does it will almost be an interposition of divine providence, in our favor. The road has now become good, being very level, smooth and solid, and now while I am sitting here by the wagon wheel I discover that one of our steers is so near gone that he will not eat any hay, poor fellow we will have to make a mile stone of you shortly and probably of all the rest. We suppose that we are about thirty-five miles from water, and can it be possible, that these cattle can ever take these wagons through. This desert is a barren waste, generally level and mostly covered with a thin saline crust; some places the ground being very soft. We had not gone far until the steer spoken of above, gave way but on we went pushing for life and death, not knowing how far we have to go, but rather expect to reach the water by dark, we traveled on hard until night and reached a high bluff of rocks, where we were told we could find plenty of water, but lo and behold, it was twenty-five miles farther. Ah, who can imagine our feelings; disappointment sinks the heart of man. Here, around these rocks, our hopes had lingered the life-long day, but now they are transplanted twenty-five miles ahead, around a beautiful group of springs. Before reaching these bluffs, we met an old lady, with some water in a coffee-pot, going back to meet her husband, who had lost his wagon tire and had gone back to hunt it, but she found him ready to perish, he had laid down to die. We also passed Mrs. Hall, a lady from Cincinnati, on the road, who had stayed with the wagon, while her husband drove the cattle to the water, which he expected to find in a short distance, but found it to be forty miles and was unable to return, his wife was left to perish or be supplied by others; our company gave her some water to do her until morning. At the bluffs we fed the last of our hay, and gave the cattle the last drop of water, and started on, we now begin to pass a great many dead and dying cattle, and see men suffering extremely for water, but here some men have hauled out water to relieve



the emigrants, which they sell at \$1,00 per gallon. Several of our cattle about dark are giving way and cannot go much further, they look awful bad and I know they feel worse than they look. I judge them by myself. Soon after dark another steer in our team gave way, and he was left, and some others in the company have also gone the way of all flesh, but we are going to see how many can go through; roll on is the cry now with every one, we are going through or die. We have not an ox in the company now but what will take hard cracking with the whip and never flinch, but they certainly can endure more fatigue than I ever expected. About 10 o'clock two more of our steers gave out, which left us but two yoke to take our wagon through; some other teams gave way entirely and stopped for the night. When we got within ten miles of the water, our cattle seemed to know, by some instinct, that water was not far ahead, and become animated with new life and the two small yoke we had attached to our big wagon, walked as fast as I could and sometimes would trot, and when we got within a mile of the water, I had to walk before them to keep them from running. Who could not sympathize with flesh and blood, suffering in this way. It was 1 o'clock at night when we got through. This was the severest trial I have had by far, the desert proving to be ninety-three miles instead of seventy-five, as we had understood, and having to walk all the way, almost without stopping, with but little to eat and drink, and no sleep, was soul-trying, in the extreme. We dropped our bodies under the wagons and in less than five minutes were in a state of unconsciousness. Thus far the Lord hath brought us on.

7th.—This morning we found ourselves near a burning mountain, surrounded by a number of good springs and good grass. This morning our case is deplorable notwithstanding it is heart-cheering to see water and grass; our team is broken down and we must leave McLean's last wagon; the only resort we have now is to make pack saddles and pack our provisions on our remaining cattle, as many others have to do. Emigrants are arriving here all the time, from the desert, almost famished for water; they say men, women and children are dying with thirst and fatigue. All start in ignorance of the distance across, and many take but little water and they must perish. Mr. Hall, who left his wife on the desert yesterday, is preparing to go back after his wife and wagon. Our

company rigged out a team loaded with water, and have gone back on the desert so relieve the suffering, without money and without price. They found many at the point of death, and saved them, and many suffering extremely. Mr. Ogle, who carried water back in the desert, on his back, twenty or thirty miles, tells of one man that could not speak—whom he relieved, and of another who had been drinking his urine, and of many others almost in a similar condition. News of the most distressing character is coming from the desert all the time; many, on arriving here, are perfectly disheartened; some cursing and swearing and others praying. This evening we got our few cattle and drove down the road about a mile to a good spring, and commenced cutting up our wagon and making pack saddles of it; we made the pads of the wagon cover and stuffed them with dry grass.

8th.—To-day we are still working at our pack saddles. A number of others are also preparing to pack on their cattle—fifteen of the company which I have traveled with thus far and six young men from Dayton, O.; we are all fixing to start together. We all got ready this evening and moved on eight miles, to the last of these springs, which have been scattered along for several miles. Some of the boys had fun with their steers, when they put the packs on, they plunged and kicked and finally run away, breaking some of the pack saddles. It beat all I ever saw, here we have to encounter another desert, of thirty-seven miles, without water and grass. The grass is not good at this spring.

9th.—After recruiting and fixing up to-day until 3 o'clock, we started into the desert, intending to travel all night, on account of the days being so warm, but about 2 o'clock, in the night, we got so tired that we could go no farther, and we tied our cattle to some greenwood bushes, and laid down by them until nearly daylight, when we started again. I forgot to say that when we fixed for packing, we also rigged a very light cart of the wheels of a light carriage which had been left to which we hitched one small yoke of cattle, and in this we hauled our clothing and cooking utensils. We got grease to grease our cart with, from Ogle & Robinson, whose company we now have to leave and travel ahead.

10th.—This morning we traveled over one of the most uninhabitable parts of God's creation; not a thing but the bare earth to be seen, but I suppose if it was not for these there

would be no pretty places. We traveled on until 10 o'clock, when we reached some water, nothing but a deep hole dug in the side of the road; our cattle must now have grass or they are gone, and here we can find but little, so our stay must be short here, and yet it is eighteen miles farther to water and grass, and we must reach there this night, so at 4 o'clock this evening we started again, across another desert of eighteen miles, and at 10 o'clock at night we found plenty of water and tolerably good grass. Ogle & Robinson's train also reached this water last night, and we once more camped together. The road since we left the big desert has been pretty good and the weather fair.

11th.—This morning is the light of another Sabbath, and oh, how we long for rest, earth seems to have no resting place for man but the grave. Robinson & Ogle's train intend to stay here and rest their cattle until to-morrow, but we are scarce of provisions and have no wagons and we must travel on, fast as possible, so farewell boys, for a while, if we get there before you do we shall look to see you coming too. About 8 o'clock we started and traveled over a very level road for eighteen miles and came to what is called the Mound Springs; here the waters spring out of several mounds six or eight feet higher than the surrounding country, and is very warm. These mounds are very mirey in places where the water oozes out, and a man can stand on one and shake the ground for fifty feet around. Here we found good grass only around the springs, the whole country around being a perfect desert. We now have to burn wild sage in cooking. We sojourned at the Mound Springs until morning.

12th.—This morning we started early and drove our steers eighteen miles, by 2 o'clock, when we reached another mound spring; here we rested two hours and started on and went eighteen miles farther, by 9 o'clock at night, where we found good grass and water in a running stream. The roads and weather are now splendid, so we get along with our cart now fine, and our cattle have got pretty well used to the pack saddles. We spread our blankets on our oxen's backs to prevent the saddle from injuring their backs, yet some are getting very sore.

13th.—At 8 o'clock we were on the road again; we traveled sixteen miles, to a good spring, with plenty of grass, and rested two hours and then started and drove on seven miles

farther, to the foot of a mountain with considerable snow on its top, here we camped at a splendid spring, large enough to turn a mill. The country now begins to look a little more like living.

14.—We are now about to start into a valley of a thousand springs, the beginning looks beautiful. We started and traveled due south all day; about twenty-five miles through one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys I ever saw. It far exceeds Salt Lake valley, being more extensive and better watered; the grass is like a meadow and the springs are innumerable. It is about one hundred miles long and thirty wide, and the soil exceedingly rich, but there is but little timber, which is shrubby pine, on the brow of the mountains, which surround the valley. We passed some warm and hot springs, some of which were boiling hot. Our cattle seem to endure packing better than drawing the wagon. The health of our little band of pilgrims is very good now.

15th.—The road along this valley is splendid. We called this valley "Fountain Valley." To-day we passed hundreds of springs, large enough to turn a mill; they all flow from the mountain, which borders along the valley and collect in the middle of the valley, forming the most beautiful stream in the world. We traveled about twenty-three miles to-day in a southern direction, and camped near a beautiful spring. We are now going through a country inhabited by the Shoshonoe tribe of Indians. I forgot to say a few days ago, some few visited our camp and wanted to buy some rifles and ammunition, or rather to exchange some horses for them which they had no doubt stolen from the emigrants. They are a sulky, sullen, thievish and blood-thirsty race of people generally, and the emigrants are on the look-out for them. Here, at this spring there is a notice put up that the Indians had stolen from the emigrants at this place, on last night, eleven horses and seven cattle, and to be on the watch at night for them, for they will both kill and steal. On yesterday we were informed that this road led down this valley a considerable distance and then turned to the right, across a mountain and turned due north, parallel with the road, down the valley, and led back almost to where we entered the valley, and that there was a road which packers could travel across the mountain a few miles below where we struck the valley and that teams had to travel down to where we now are, in order to

take a wagon across the mountain; which they say is only fifteen miles across at any place, but we were afraid to take his cut-off, on account of the Indians, we now having no arms in our company, except one rifle and one musket; supposing that the Indians would be no worse than they had been heretofore, we gave our guns to others who had teams to haul them, for it seemed to be intolerable for us to pack a heavy rifle all day and drive a steer too, and have to stop probably every twenty minutes and balance the pack on the steer, to prevent it from ruining his back. For the last week we tied our cattle to pickets at night, and have not stood guard, but to-night we have a strong guard out and have our cattle tied close around us. In the morning (if the Indians don't take us to-night) we intend to start across the mountain.

16th.--Started at 6 o'clock A. M., and traveled fifteen miles, in a western direction, across the mountain, and found good water and grass, and rested two hours, when we started again and traveled fourteen miles farther, in a northern direction, in a small valley, through which flows a beautiful little stream, called Glover creek, where we encamped amidst grass knee high, near the road. About two rods from the road lies a dead Indian, who has been shot by an emigrant; he has a whip in one hand and an arrow in the other, and seems to have been shot from a horse, and lies as he fell dead. The most intense excitement now prevails among the emigrants; all are in a dread and fear of the Indians. We heard to-day, that five men, who were packing their packs on their backs, had taken the cut-off, across the mountain, (which is spoken of on the opposite page) were barbarously murdered by the Indians, when crossing; and this intelligence has excited the revenge of all the emigrants, and every Indian is shot that can be seen. We passed a notice, this evening, stating that six Indians had been shot near here, a short time ago, and for emigrants to look out for depredations. Every man is now high strung, with revenge and fear, from the savages. To-night we had on a strong guard all night and yet none slept soundly.

17th.—Last night, after night awhile, the guards awakened the company and told us that they discovered the approach of several Indians, who could be seen plainly, approaching our camp, but we were not too hasty and awaited their near ap-

proach, when we discovered, to our very agreeable surprise, that they were white men, and old traveling companions, viz: A. J. Jeffries and Mr. Hedrick, who belonged to Ogle & Robinson's company, which we had left one week ago. They had taken the cut-off, before referred to, in company with Capt. Robinson and Esq. Milligan, who had got separated from them, during the day, and they, having heard, as we did, that the road continued down the Fountain valley some distance below the cut-off, and then turned and crossed the mountain and returned back the mountain, on the other side, they concluded to cut across and meet them at noon or night on that day, but supposing they were wrong, they had turned back to meet their teams, and after hungering and thirsting all day and part of the night, found our camp and might have been shot for Indians—but we hailed them with joy, after dreading them awhile, and congratulated them on their narrow escape. Robinson and Milligan had taken some other course they knew not, and probably by this time, were killed by the savages. After preparing the lost pilgrims some grub and hearing the many exciting tales they had to tell of Indian depredations, we shared our blankets with them, and laid down low in the grass again, just as a flock of quails would when a hawk is poised above them, and in about as much suspense; but in the morning all was well. Hedrick and Jeffries started back, this morning, to meet their train, with their lives in their hands, and we started on towards California, one close up to another, so that if we were attacked, we could see each other fall; in this way and manner we tramped all day up Glover creek, for thirty miles, and camped on the banks of the same, whose banks are grown up with thick clusters of willows, forming a splendid retreat for Indians. We saw no Indians all day, but just after we had encamped this evening, we heard, at a short distance from our camp, most desperate yelling, as if death was being dealt out by wholesale; and we, supposing it to be the cries of emigrants whom the Indians had attacked, armed ourselves well, which we borrowed from some packers who had just arrived in our camp and intend to encamp with us, and hurried in the direction of the cry, which continued for some time with almost constant firing of guns, but it being now about dark and the cry stopped, we did not find them and returned to camp.

When we got to the camp we found Capt. Robinson there with a number of others, who had come across an Indian camp on this creek, among the willows, and had been exchanging the red fellows some lead for which they received a shower of arrows, and it was the effect of this lead that made the Indians scream so terrific. Mr. Robinson supposes that they killed eight or ten of them in the willows. This party had started out yesterday morning, to the foot of the mountain to a camp of Indians, who had in their possession a number of good horses they had stolen from the emigrants, to give them war and take their horses, but could not find them; so they concluded to return and search for the dead bodies of the five men who had the day before been killed, while crossing the mountain, which they found and buried as well as they could, and then on returning to the road, near our camp, they found the Indians, whom they peppered as spoken of before. Mr. Milligan had left Mr. Robinson on the road and traveled ahead in another train, for security from the Indians, until his train would come up. Here we were in an enemy's land, in the midst of a host of blood-thirsty and revengeful savages, expecting their vengeance to be wreaked on us this night. This night came my turn to stand on guard, from midnight until day. The night was cold and the tall grass and willows stood thick around our camp, and we knew not what minute the sneaking Indians would crawl up and shoot us down, but our number and arms, I think, bluffed them off.

18th.—This morning Capt. Robinson started back to meet his train, and we started on toward our Canaan, with sorrowing hearts, for now the awful and fearful truth flashes across our minds, that our provisions are nearly gone. Now we can, in truth, earnestly exclaim, as one of old, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Here we are, far from human habitation, with no bread, where there is none to be had, in a wilderness filled with savage foes; but we have never said "give up" or "die," yet, neither can it be wrung from us. God only knows what is in store for us. About 11 o'clock, A. M., we reached the South Fork of the St. Mary's and Humboldt river, which we followed down all day, crossing it twelve times. It descends through a very deep canyon or ravine, which the road follows, and is one of the worst I ever saw, so bad that it would be incredible to tell. We traveled about

twenty-five miles, truly with cautious steps, but saw none of the Shoshonees, and camped on the river bank, and after traveling a long distance, wading through water half the time, and having nothing to eat all day, we found ourselves wolfish hungry, awful tired, and nothing to eat. Now, how do you think I feel, as well as the others. I can only refer you to the 15th chapter of Luke and 16th verse, and for a fuller description, begin at the 11th verse and read the ballance of the chapter, and learn a wise lesson. To the question, what shall we do? it has been answered, kill a steer; and no quicker down than skinned, but in taking out his entrails, we were mortified to find no trace of tallow about his kidneys, we being destitute of either grease or salt, so we had the pleasure of feasting on fresh beef alone.

19th.—

Last night the Indians let us quiet be,  
While we slept under a big cottonwood tree;  
Only they didn't, for we heard their dogs,  
All night, barking like so many frogs.

This morning, after refreshment was over, we collected and started to see what came next, and in traveling fifteen miles down this stream, we crossed it about twenty-five times, some places having to wade along in it crotch deep, for a half mile, there being no room on the banks for a road, and in many places, these crossings were bad beyond comparison. No timber along here scarcely, and the country away from the streams is perfectly barren and desolate looking. In going down this canyon to-day, we had a hard time getting our little cart along. This day's travel brought us to the Fort Hall road, and we now find that we missed it by taking the cut-off or Hasting's route by at least one hundred and fifty miles. This road was not traveled by so many as the Fort Hall road. Here the Indians have been committing some depredations; all are on the watch for them to take their lives. This morning we packed as much of our deceased bullock on his surviving comrades as we conveniently could, and this evening we find ourselves at the fork of the Humbolt, with our digestive organs perfectly dormant for the want of something to do. Oh dear! "must we always live at this poor dying rate?"

20th.—This morning we bought some bran and some shorts from a man who was hauling it along to feed his horse, but



we appropriated it to another use, we made it into batter and cooked some cakes of it, which we relished as being good. I also bought twelve pounds of rye, which I ground in a coffee-mill, and reserved for future use, when we had no bran. We paid 20 cents per pound for bran and 25 for rye, and had hard coaxing, after the fashion of starving men, to get it at that. We now felt safe for at least a day or two, from starvation, but we hear that the cholera is raging behind; hundreds are dying with it, but here there is not much sickness, yet every day we pass several graves. We started on our tiresome march, with downcast eyes, for we have to travel thirty-two miles before we reach another camping place, on this river. The road was awful dusty and in some places hilly and stony. The dust and gravel would settle in my shoes so much that I would have to stop every few minutes and clean them out, and now my toe nails are worn off almost entirely, so that I go hobbling along, limping twice at once. We traveled hard all day and in the night until midnight, when we reached the river, which I sometimes thought we never would, and now, for the first time in my life, I can't tell whether I am more tired than hungry, and as equally unable to describe my feelings. Some of our cattle came very nigh laying down to die, before we reached this, and here there is not a spear of grass—nothing but willows, they must eat them or die. Well I suppose they have a consolation, that all fools have in similar circumstances: they are not the only ones that have to live on willows! Here we found hundreds encamped with their cattle and mules. We cooked some of our dark cakes and roasted some beef on the coals and committed ourselves for the balance of the night.

21st.—This morning several of us started out amongst the many wagons to buy some flour and bacon, but none could we get, at any price, all being very scarce themselves; so after breakfast we started on our way, enquiring of every man we passed, who had a team, if he could let us have some provision, at any price, but we could get none. We traveled seventeen miles down this river, which we now have to follow down for three hundred miles, where it sinks, and camped on its bank, where we found good grass. This river is about forty yards wide, and from five to ten feet deep. There are now twenty-four of us traveling in company, and have been

since we left Ogle & Robinson's train. The following is a list of their names as they messed together, while traveling :

MESS 1st.—Henry Burnet, John N. Robineon, James and Morris Rowe.

MESS 2d.—Robert Stuart, John Wood, Thomas R. Grub, George and Horace Sites.

MESS 3d.—David Loofborrow, Isaac Smith, Archibald McGahen, James Williams, Thomas Compton, Harris and Jackson Bryant.

MESS 4th.—Moses Stout, George Decker, David Taylor, William Smith, Michael Turner. This last mess was from Dayton, Ohio.

22d.—This morning we arose with the sun and eat our breakfast, which took the last of our bran and most of the rye and beef. The Indians are now dreaded very much by all the emigrants. We have passed several dead horses and cattle, the last few days which were shot by the Indians, with their poisoned arrows. Again we start for the goal—traveled two miles and came to where the road forked, the right hand crossing the river to the north side, and the left led down the south side, here seven of the boys took down the south side and seventeen of us crossed the river and started down the other side supposing that the road crossed back again, and after we had gone until noon, we learned that this road continued on this side beyond the sink of the river; we also learned that the Indians were preparing to attack the emigrants on this side of the river, on account of the emigrants killing a number of them, for stealing stock. We passed the graves of one or two emigrants, who had been shot by the Indians. These things, together with the fact that the road on this side is traveled but little, alarmed us, and we determined to cross the river and gain the other road, and after much searching for a suitable place to cross, while traveling this afternoon, we finally stopped and dug down the bank, so that our weak cattle could get down and up, and got them over safe, and then packed our plunder over on our backs; also our little cart was transferred. Before we crossed, we could distinctly see the dust rising from the other road and we thought we now had to travel about two miles, across a large bottom, before reaching the other road, but alas! it was at least four, and the bottom was filled with willow brakes, tall

grass and sloughs. After we got over the river and fixed up again, we were tired and hungry, for we had traveled hard all day, and it was almost night; but we now considered ourselves safe from the Indians, and started for the road, where we expected, or at least hoped to meet our other boys. We proceeded carelessly along, strung out in a line near a half mile, and had not gone far before the boys ahead saw an Indian in the high grass, on a pony, and immediately gave the alarm, which was received with perfect consternation. I was now the hindmost one, with Morris Rowe, driving two very lame steers, and we hurried to overtake the foremost ones but they were rushing for the road and crying for us behind to come up, which we could not, without leaving our cattle, and so we kept strung out and rushing for life. Now several more Indians, on horseback, could be seen, whose movements indicated that they were spies; these, we suppose, reported our number and arms to their camp, which we now discovered about one-half mile from us, to our left, where we could see about forty on horseback, and one hundred on foot, all hurrying for our attack. Oh, dreaded moment to us! breathless suspense! what agonizing thoughts of the death we must die. Must we be cruelly butchered and mangled to death by these hated Indians? Oh, horrid thought; but it may not be so. They have not started yet, but they are singing a war song and putting out their fires, while we are pushing for the road; meantime, we sent a man to the road to give the alarm to passing emigrants, if there should be any, which we expected soon to reach where we would be safe. But here the savages came, on horseback, all armed with guns, flanking around us behind, almost flying, where they fired on Rowe and myself, who were now about five hundred yards behind the others, when we screamed for them to stop and prepare to fight, which they did, and Rowe and myself were compelled to leave one steer, which the Indians immediately killed: the other we rushed up to the others, where we all got together and quickly formed ourselves in a line, and having but two guns, we shouldered them and every cane and tent pole we had, and gave the yell of defiance and stood our ground, which was in front of our cattle. We were all alarmed, on account of our defenceless condition, but we were determined to die fighting, if necessary. The Indians now made a grand

rally and all came rushing toward us, as if they were going to take us by storm, until they came within gun-shot, and then wheeled and retreated some distance. During this scene, hope and despair played their parts alternately; but we were the wretched victims. The Indians now retreated to their camp and raised a reinforcement and then came rushing toward us again, as before, but there we stood, monuments of victory or death, and they turned aside their course, fearing to come in amongst us. Hope now began to triumph in us, for we expected to live to tell the tale. But now we see, far ahead of us, some men, whom we at first took to be Indians, running toward us, but soon found them to be emigrants, sent for by our messenger to relieve us; this was glorious news indeed. It was now dark, and the men from the road told us that it was nearly two miles to the road yet; we started and rushed our cattle for the road, the Indians following behind us, watching an opportunity to get some of our cattle, perchance they mire down in crossing the sloughs which lie between us and the road, and they were not disappointed, for we were compelled to leave one sticking in the mud. We soon came in sight of the camp fire of a large train, on the road, which we soon reached after dark a short time. Here we told the tale of our wrongs and suffering, we were heard and pitied, but when we told them we had nothing to eat, they didn't know us; devil take such men, I say. We succeeded in getting some tea, and after drinking a good portion of it, we laid our bodies down to sleep, but appointed some to guard the cattle, as we are within two or three miles of the big Indian camp.

23d.—This morning we felt like we ought to have satisfaction from those Indians, so we rallied a force of 35 men, by 9 o'clock, who went back and attacked them in their camp and fought them four hours, and thank fortune, killed fifteen of the rebels, and then returned on our journey and traveled until midnight, before overtaking our companies, which had gone ahead. This evening we overtook our lost boys, on this side of the river. This morning we eat the last of our old beef, which had some few maggots in it, but I must acknowledge that it tasted well. To-day I bought four pounds of coffee, and this evening I bought twenty-five pounds of beef, which an emigrant killed, and several pounds of beans, and soup of course is the game to-night. Here are about four

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hundred wagons in camp and we don't feel afraid, and here I see several women and children, which appear to be happy. Oh, my childhood days, where are they; days of innocence, peace and pleasure, they are gone forever.

24th.—Started again this morning, and I have gone ahead, in order to overtake as many wagons as possible and buy provisions. It is now noon and I have set down to rest my weary legs and I feel very much like lying down, but this is the only chance I will have to take down these notes, and a tiresome task it has been to me. I suppose that I have asked to buy of more than one hundred men this forenoon, but with no success. I find it very hard to arouse the sympathies of the people; money, a man's best earthly friend, is no inducement for men to part with bread, on this trip. I have offered men two dollars a pound for flour and bacon, but no, they wouldn't take ten, they would see a man die first and then they wouldn't. Well, I know one thing, very certain, we have some steers that will be chewed very fine, before we starve to death, and then some body's else will have to die if we get hungry. The boys came up and I told them that it was a "dead thing" with us so far, but I told them if they would drive my steer this afternoon, I would go ahead again and put somebody through yet, if money would have any influence on them. So I started down the river, inquiring of almost every man for provisions, but—ah, if it was not for that *but*—how many would now be rich. No fisherman ever had worse luck than we have had. We traveled twenty-five miles to-day nor saw a single stick of timber, but the grass is tolerably good yet. There are some quite extensive bottoms on this river, and filled with sloughs, near the river, so the road sometimes leaves the river for miles, on account of them. This evening we camped on the river two miles from the road, with a large train. We now have but little fear of the Indians, because we stick close to some large train all the time. "A burnt child dreads the fire." Here are, in this camp, many cases of suffering, having had no bread for weeks, and they have become tired of asking, and hundreds are living on half rations.

25th.—This is God's day, and we would all be glad to rest, but we must travel, so we started early and traveled thirteen miles by 4 o'clock, and rested until night. This morning

we eat the last pound of beef we had, and now we have nothing left but coffee. We bought thirty-five pounds of beef this evening, at 10 cents per pound, and feasted on coffee and roast beef. The road to-day was tolerably good and level, but the grass is eaten very short, the road being lined with emigrants. To-day a young man fell in with us, who told me he had begun to pack on his cattle from Salt Lake, in company with his father, and their cattle had given out, and he and his father had fallen out, and were now begging their way; he knew not where his father was, neither said he, do I care, for he was a mean devil, and made me pack all the load. He told me he could get but very little by begging and he lived chiefly upon frogs and wild raspberries, which are tolerably plenty in some places along this road, and grow much larger than in the States, where I always was afraid to eat them. They are a coarse substitute for bread. The weather is now fine and pleasant but rather warm. The country away from this river is nothing but a barren waste, producing nothing but wild sage, and but little of that. The soil on the river, in places, is tolerably good.

26th.—Made an early start this morning and traveled all day, over a tolerably good road, passing sometimes through bottoms which are said to be full of Indians, in places. Our cattle are now getting so poor that it takes two to make a shadow, I think they will never weather the storm; their feet are sore, and their backs are sore too, and we are sore all over, at least I am and expect to be for a long time; yet my feet are sore and every nerve seems to be sprained so that I fear that I will be an old man from this time on. We camped on the bank with but little grass. Beef and coffee for supper.

27th.—This morning found us on our way down the Humboldt, the king of rivers for desolation and destitution. The country to-day presents about the same appearance—a perfect desert, with no timber—nothing but willows. The road to-day was sandy, which made it tiresome walking. This day was exceedingly warm and sultry and now we have no cool water, but have to quench our raging thirst, from one of the most sickly streams on the earth. We continue to pass a great deal of valuable property left to rot on these soul-destroying plains. We have had no rain for several weeks now, nor do we expect any. To-day I saw another man begging

for bread, but could get none; he had no money, however, he could get none anyhow, for one-half the emigrants are literally starving, as we are; have nothing but their cattle and probably some tea or coffee; some cannot live on it, and lie down and die, apparently with pleasure; in fact, some have told me they wished they were dead and out of trouble; while others, under the same circumstances, would laugh at the calamity, which shows the difference in men. I also came across some wild raspberries and eat a good mess, which turned my thoughts on bread, but that is not hard to do these days. The emigrants are so thick along this river, that the Indians never pretend to show themselves and seldom do any mischief. Traveled twenty miles to-day and encamped on the bank. Our company all have good health thus far.

28th.—We hear, this morning, that the cholera is raging behind us, and the only wonder is, why it is not here; in fact it seems curious to me that we do not get sick and die, fatigued to the utmost, drinking bad water and eating nothing but poor beef, and that half raw, sleeping on the cold ground at night and dirty as dust can make us. The road to-day was extremely dusty and we traveled all day under a burning sun. Some of our cattle are now so weak that they stagger as they walk. The road this afternoon left the river for fifteen miles, obliging us to travel until 10 o'clock at night, making in all we traveled to-day, fifty miles. At the last camping or watering place, the boys filled their canteens with water to do them eight or ten miles, supposing it to be no farther until we struck the river again, and it being so warm, they soon drank out their water. At starting, Robert Stuart and myself started down the river to make a cut-off on the road, and after we had gone five or six miles we found the road led away the other direction almost, we then started for the road and having no water with us, we got awful dry before we reached it, having to walk over a bed of sand all the time, which is more than a mule can stand, if you push him a little; but when we got to the road and walked hard for a long time, to overtake the boys, they had no water for themselves, and said they were almost perishing; well we were worse and we did not know how far it was to water. Now came my suffering time, with many others, in the same situation, but we traveled on for several miles and set down to rest in the sand

which tired us so. Oh, what would I give for one more drink; it seems to me that I could drink my own blood. I now think I can never reach the river, if I have to walk. After we had rested a short time, we started on and soon a man came riding along and I asked him how much he would charge me to let me ride to the river, to which he replied, "what is right," so I told him he should have it, and mounted the pony, and not having been on a horse's back for several months, it made me feel good all over. I rode to the river, which was about five miles, and now found that I was more hungry and tired than thirsty, but we had nothing to eat and nothing could be got here, notwithstanding there are a great many encamped here. We offered them any amount for something to eat, but no, they said they were starving themselves. Here there is no grass at all; nothing but willows, and they are browsed perfectly bare, so our cattle had to fast until morning, as well as ourselves. We laid down in the sand and slept soundly until morning.

29th,—This morning our way is cloudy, with dark forebodings of the future. We have a desert to cross of forty-five miles, which is almost a pile of burning sand. This lies ahead forty or fifty miles, and we are afraid if we kill a steer, this morning, we will never be able to get across the desert, so we concluded to go ahead until we find grass for our stock and then kill one. We started and had not gone far until we came across some hungry men skinning an old ox, which had been left on the road to perish, by some emigrant. They took what they wanted and we then helped ourselves to as much as we could carry, and rolled on some distance and stopped on the river and went to roasting beef, but here we found short grass for our cattle. The main road leaves the river now generally two miles, on account of the river running between high bluffs of sand, making it impossible for the road to come nearer. We stopped here a short time and started on and traveled fifteen miles further and encamped alone for the first time for a long time. The beef we got this morning is very bad and to-day being so very warm, the flies blowed it all over, and some of the mess being out of the article, we must kill something. After we had been in camp a short time, some of the boys saw the willows shake across the river and soon discovered it to be a steer, left on account of being



lame; the word now was, kill him and take his hind quarters, heart and liver, so a number of the boys swam over and cut his throat, and floated over what they wanted, of his carcass.

30th.—Last night our cattle had little else than willows to eat, and yesterday the road was so dusty that we almost suffocated, and this morning we all dread to go back to it again, for we have our faces washed clean again and they look like new bonnets in old band-boxes. But we started up a hollow, which led us back to the road and soon our faces were as dirty as ever, marching over this heated road. The country, in this Great Interior Basin, is truly one of desolation, being mostly nothing but a desert of sand, without any timber. I have not seen a tree or shrub, except bunch willows, for almost three hundred miles, and they tell me we will find none until we reach Carson river, one hundred miles ahead, and half of this distance is over an awful sandy desert, where we expect to see the elephant magnify himself in our midst and terrify us half to death with his wonderful proportions, but we will be there and some of the boys begin to think we will stay there. We tramped hard all day over a sandy and dusty road, the dust being from two to six inches deep, filling our boots and shoes every few minutes, which we had to stop and clean out. We went twenty miles to-day and stopped on the river, tired and hungry, hopeless and way-worn.

31st.—Yesterday, after we encamped for the night, some of the messes being destitute of meat, they killed some old cows, which had been left to perish, and took their hearts and livers, and this morning finding we would not have enough to do us across the desert, we took about four hundred pounds out of the hind quarter of one of the said old cows, which we hauled in our little cart, which is now, and has been for a long time, used as company stock. We traveled about fourteen miles and reached the beginning of the Humboldt sink, which we have heard so much talk about, and encamped for the day, as there is some grass here and our cattle perishing for it, and here is almost a city of wagons, all encamped, resting their cattle, and oh, how many care-worn faces I see here, and I must acknowledge that I add one more to the number. All are preparing and dreading to cross, by far, the worst desert we have met with yet. They, perhaps,

would not mind it, and neither would I, if we had plenty to eat; but here are hundreds already lamenting their anticipated death and suffering on the burning plain. Here are men, pleading for something to eat, with all the earnestness of the soul, which makes me feel like I would rather live and die on bull beef, than make as much to do about it as some are doing here. We understand that the Californians have brought out extensive quantities of provisions, and that they have a great trading post just beyond the desert, where we can get anything that we want in abundance for the money. This would be great news to thousands if they had plenty of money.

SEPTEMBER 1st.—And now is another Sabbath, and we are moving down the sink slowly. This river ends here, and now begins to widen into a lake as it flows here. It is my opinion, that it does not sink but evaporates, from the fact that it spreads over a large extent of ground, and the impossibility of a subterranean outlet. We traveled down the river or lake about 10 miles, and stopped in good grass to graze our cattle and cook our old beef, which must last us across the desert. Here I cooked about thirty pounds of beef in an old sheet-iron stove which we found, and packed it in an old sack to keep the flies from blowing it, for they have been in the habit almost invariably of blowing our fresh beef. This evening, about an hour before sundown, we started and traveled about 10 miles by 11 o'clock at night, where we camped with many others for the balance of the night.

2d.—We staid here until 10 o'clock, when we cut some grass to feed our cattle with on the desert. We had to wade into the lake knee deep and cut tall rush grass, with which this lake is almost surrounded in many places, being higher than a man's head. We then traveled eight miles further along the lake to the starting point across the desert, where we found hundreds preparing to make the awful leap. Among the rest was a man from Missouri, who had a large train of wagons loaded with hams and fruit, which he sold at 65 cents a pound; and we, having a little money left, spent the last cent we had for about two-thirds of a ham and three pounds of fruit, which we now cooked, and being so desperately hungry, we came very near eating it all for dinner. Here we filled our cask with water from the filthy lake, to support us and our cattle on the desert. My mess has only four steers

now, and the others have a steer to the man, I believe, and they are all poor and weak. Hundreds are now (2 o'clock) about making a start, anxious to know the worst. After lightening our packs by throwing away everything we thought we should not want, we started at half-past 2 o'clock.

Farewell! Big Meadow and Filthy Lake;  
My leave of you I now must take,  
Nor cast one lingering look behind,  
But onward rush, some bread to find!

We traveled on until 1 o'clock at night, over a dusty and sandy road, when we found that our cattle began to lag, and we stopped, gave our cattle some hay then laid down and tried to sleep for about three hours, and then got up and traveled until after daylight a short time, when we found ourselves very tired and hungry, when we stopped, built a fire in the wagon, boiled some coffee, and eat the last of our fruit and beef, and now we must fast until we reach the other shore.—During the night we passed hundreds of dead stock lying in the road and on all sides; we also passed a great many large petrifications. The country is level, bare and barren thus far.

3d.—We now begin to meet with the destruction of property and stock; the road being almost lined with wagons, the dead and dying horses, mules and cattle. We traveled until about 10 o'clock, when one of the steers belonging to my mess gave out, and two more belonging to the other messes. They were left, and on we went to victory, stalking our way through indescribable scenes of suffering and want. At noon another of our steers fell, which left us but two to haul the cart and all we had. We now became alarmed for fear we would have to throw away all we had; so each man took what he could carry on his back, and went on with heavy hearts, while I staid with the steer which last fell, and the others went on for life. After he had rested a short time I got him up and drove him about two miles further, when he dropped again. I sat down and rested with him while he laid in the burning sand, for the sun seemed to shed down all his heat, and the sand was warm enough to cook an egg. This was a game that hundreds were playing, I discovered; but many—being as much fatigued as their stock—had but little patience with them and left them, when probably they could have gone through. I got my steer up and started on and soon he was

down again; and having heard that, two miles ahead, some men had water for sale, I concluded to try and get my steer there and buy some water for him, and try to get him through if possible. I finally succeeded in getting him there, and gave him one gallon and a half of water, which they sold at one dollar per gallon, and it seemed to revive the gentleman considerable. Here I glutted my raging thirst and crawled under the water-wagon and tried to take the world easy; but who could when the air was suffocating, and when hungry, disheartened, and in the midst of one of the most destroying deserts on God's footstool! Here I laid for nearly two hours—and during that time more than one hundred came for water, at the point of fainting away; and hundreds of horses, mules and cattle dead, dying and suffering, are laying thick around, and wagons, carts and carriages line both sides of the road; also, property of all kinds lying in large heaps, such as harness, clothing, tools of all kinds, cooking utensils, trunks and chains. This man, who has been selling water here for several weeks, told me, that it was estimated by all that there has been left on this plain, or Desert, this season, at least 3,000 wagons, and at a low estimate, \$3,000,000 worth of property, and thousands will yet be left. But the destruction of property and stock is and will not be all. Hundreds will toll on thus far, and then leave their bones to bleach on the Great American Desert, and the worst of all now is to see, every few hundred yards, the grave of some kind brother, father or mother, and even some who have not been buried, but have probably been forsaken when sick or faint, and left to die and waste away in the winds and rains of heaven. But the sight of the dead is not so fearful as the living dying. God of heaven! could human suffering appease thy wrath, the world would soon be forgiven. But I must tell how and when I escaped destruction. I crawled from under the wagon, and found myself so tired, hungry and weak, that it seemed to me I could not go; and, after looking around, amongst the many that were seated around the wagon, I found some men eating boiled oats. I told them they were better off than I, for I had nothing. They then offered me a share, which I gladly accepted, and gave them some money to buy water with, for they could get none without. I now supposed my comrades were across if they did not faint by the way. So I

started again at 4 o'clock with my steer, which I felt bound to take through, and my heavy knapsack on my back. The sand now is generally about seven inches deep, which makes slavish walking, and I ain, I suppose, about eight miles from my destination. The steer walked for about three miles and laid down in the road, and I with him, and we rested together for a while, when I got up and raised him by twisting his tail, and on we went reeling for a short time, when he fell again before I had time to strike him with my cain, and after hothering with him in this way every few minutes for a long time, he at last laid down to get up no more; and after I had twisted his tail out of joint in several places, I left him to die in peace if he could. This was in the night, and on I went, and ever and anon, I met a man hurrying back with water or food, to save a dying friend, perhaps a wife or child, and they would say, "Go on, my friend; you will soon be through"—which would inspire me with new ambition, and I now began to realize my faith. At 10 o'clock at night I arrived, it might be said, in the land of the living; when, after searching for some time among the many tents, I found my old messmates, all well, with two steers tied close to them, for this is a nest of thieves. After eating a little of something I laid down with the boys, but could not sleep, for all must tell the awful story of what they had seen on the desert. My feelings now are unutterable; my thoughts run quick and wild; now I am at home, then I am in California, and again I am here; and where would I have been, had it not been for the goodness of God. I have seen with my own eyes that the miracles of God, are fresh every hour and that a heart must be hard that would not now flow with gratitude. Truly, I have, with a thousand others, learned an important lesson, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth when I forget. Perhaps I have said enough about this desert, but I would remark of the large scope of country lying between here and the Salt Lake, called "The Great Interior Basin of California," that if there is a section of country in the wide domain of earth that can surpass it for scarcity of timber, sterility of soil and everything that has a tendency to cast a gloom over the mind of the way-worn traveler, God forbid that I may ever see it.

4th.—This morning we waked and found ourselves on the banks of the Salmon Trout or Carson river, surrounded by a

number of tents or trading posts, where there is kept all kinds of provisions for sale. Flour sells at \$1.25 per pound, corn meal \$1.00 per pound, wheat bread \$1.50 per pound, pies do; molasses \$4.00 per gallon, liquor 50 cents per dram, &c., &c. All kinds of roguery is going on here; men here are doing nothing else but steel horses, cattle and mules. The traders here are all from the gold mines; located here to rob the suffering emigrants. When we looked around us this morning and saw provisions in abundance, our hearts were cheered once more, but we had none, neither had we any money, so we immediately killed one of our steers and sold a part of it for 20 cents per pound and bought some flour. Now we had but one steer left, which we sold for \$22.50, and divided the money amongst us. Now it was every man for himself, and our little band was disorganized. This day was spent in resting, butchering our beef and selling it. Hundreds are arriving here almost every hour, bringing the most distressing news of cholera, starvation and death on the desert.

5th.—This morning we are all well but in rather bad spirits; we have come to a hard place, in life's uneven way; here we are, among thieves and robbers, 300 miles from the mines and thousands of miles from our homes, and we must now travel fast or come to want again. Mountains 16,000 feet high, rear their snowy summits high before us, but they cannot be worse than the scorching plains of Sarie, and as we have been dandled, as it were, on the tusks of the huge animal, we are not afraid now to march up to him again and play with his proboscis. Peril and want has been our element for a long time, danger and suffering have become common-place things; we have crowded our way through pestilence, famine and death, until our ears have become deaf with the voice of mourning and our eyes dimmed with the sight of suffering. God hath wisely ordained that the heart of man should not bleed afresh at every wound. We tarried at this place until 2 o'clock, preparing to pack our plunder on our backs, but concluding that we would have hard work to pack ourselves, a great many threw away nearly all their clothing, but we must have warm clothing on those snowy mountains or almost freeze. I paid a man \$5.00 for hauling mine to Ringgold, the nearest town in the mines, and carried my blankets on

my back. Two of my messmates, Robert Stuart and Thomas R. Grub, from Washington, O., and myself, concluded to mess together, so we bought some flour, pork, coffee and molasses, and carried with us three plates and cups and a frying pan; and others of our company messed in a much similar way, except those who still intend to pack on their remaining cattle. But just as we were about to start, several of Ogle and Robinson's company arrived from the desert. They say that their cattle are all giving out with the wagons and they will have to leave them on the desert, and that men and beasts are sinking on every side. We staid till our hearts were sickened with sad tales, and then bid farewell to all behind. We traveled up the Salmon Trout river, this evening, and camped in a beautiful grove of luxuriant cottonwood trees. We now follow up this river until we reach the mountains. It is a beautiful small stream of pure cold water, flowing from the summit of the Siere Nevada mountains. The first sight of this stream, with the beautiful groves of timber on its banks, brought to my recollection the sweet remembrance of my boyish days on Paint creek, where I have sported so many fleeting hours away, but they are irrecoverably gone, and why lament. This evening we had for supper pickled pork, beef, molasses, pancakes and coffee. Oh, what reverses of fortune we are subjected to. Now we think we are safe when the greatest danger may lie just ahead.

6th.—This morning we started early and traveled all day hard, going about thirty-three miles, every few of which we passed a trading post. The road was very sandy but level. This evening I witnessed another painful scene, a man whose wife had just died with the cholera, was standing by the road with a spade in his hand, about to dig a grave and bury his wife, all alone, and on inquiring who was dead, he burst into tears, and said his wife, his last friend. We offered our assistance, but he said he would wait until morning, when another train would be up, and we went on and at night was very tired and my feet were very sore, but we have no cattle now to stand and guard, in the stillness of the night, neither do the Indians prowl around our camp as they used to do. The tribe of Indians inhabiting this part of the world are said to be friendly and are called the Piute Indians.

7th.—Last night we encamped with several of our former

company and had a lively time cracking jokes, and this morning we feel better for we had something good for breakfast. We started before sun up and walked hard until noon, then stopped and cooked a good dinner, and went on until night; walking to-day about twenty-eight miles; all was well to-day, but my sore feet, which my boots had rubbed the skin off. There is considerable timber in places, along on this river, which is principally cottonwood, and the country away from the river, is barren and sandy and looks lonely and forsaken. Encamped to-night at a dutch trading post, on the river's brink.

8th.—This morning we bought flour of the Dutchman for breakfast, when he accused somebody of stealing sugar from him last night, which the boys all denied (there being about fifteen of us) and we threatened very strong to tie him up to a tree and give him soda and then leave him there, but we left him for somebody else to attend to. We had not gone far until we reached Carson's Valley, which is beautiful and affords great grass, tall enough to mow. Thousands of mules, horses and cattle are now being recruited here, after their life-destroying trip down the Humbolt and across the desert. Now we don't see so many cases of suffering as before, but hundreds are here begging their way from place to place. My feet are so sore that I can scarcely walk at all this evening. To-day we traveled twenty-nine miles, and encamped with a great many others, and as I was hobbling to a trading post to get some flour, I met a man who asked me if I would like to ride a good horse over the mountains. Now I thought this fellow was only joking me or taunting me because I was so lame, but I told him I certainly would. He then told me that he had some loose stock, which he had been recruiting and intended to start over the mountains with them in the morning and that he wanted to accommodate some man with a good horse, who could not walk well. He said that a number had applied to him but they could all walk well. So he agreed to furnish me and Robert Stuart each with a horse to ride and board us through if we would help him drive his stock, which we gladly accepted.

9th.—Last night I scarcely slept, being so full of gladness and anxiety. Ah, thinks I, shall I scale those lofty peaks at ease and pleasure on some noble steed? Already I had cher-



ished the painful thoughts of climbing their steep and craggy walls until the labor seemed to be almost done, and this man must be an angel in disguise to treat men so; surely this cannot be and yet it must be so, for all he has told me seems so true. This morning after breakfast, Mr. Stuart and myself staid and the others went on. Mr. McClelen (the man who employed us) told us that he would soon be ready to start, and furnished our horses, which we wanted, and we galloped over the plain, helping to hunt up his cattle. And now Gen. Taylor never felt more consequential than I did, and what a wonder it now was to me how poor people got along with large sacks on their backs and had no horse to ride. About 10 o'clock we started and drove about thirteen miles to the south part of the valley and encamped in grass waist high. Riding, under my circumstances, was certainly exquisite. I now began to think about bidding hard times good bye for a while, but this may not last till morning.

10th.—This morning we started early and drove along the foot of the first mountain, about ten miles to where we turned to the right and entered a deep and rocky kanyon, through which flows a small but exceedingly swift stream of water. The road up this valley was good, but this kanyon beats all I ever saw. The road follows the stream, passing over rocks three and four feet high, half the distance, which is six miles, and through narrow passes next to impossible for a wagon to get through, while on each side of the pass the rocks rise perpendicular, to the height of a thousand feet, here you are in the snowy clouds.

Away down where the sun never shown,  
And warm weather never will be known.

The weather was cold and it snowed some on us when passing through. It was after night awhile when we got through; here we found no grass for our cattle and horses, so we built a large fire, spread our blankets, laid ourselves down and shivering, slept till morning, but understand not until supper was over, for we have quit that way of doing.

11th.—This morning we were on the road early and found it awful rocky and in many places, very steep, one place in particular, called the Devil's Ladder which is almost perpendicular and never will I forget the profane swearing and

loud whooping that was done going up this, by some teamsters. They could be heard for miles at all times on this hill and everything that could be spared was thrown away to lighten the load and even the women, I saw as we passed, had to clamber up with their children in their arms. We went on and encamped at Red Lake, where we found but little grass. The weather is very cold now and reminds me of winter. Here, around this lake, is some beautiful scenery, pine straight as an Indian's arrow, shoot their tapering tops zenithward to the astonishing height of three hundred feet, and of every species and variety, from the slender bushy shrub to the tall, thick and elegant spruce, and

Here, in their pride, for ages they have stood,

While the blasts have swept o'er the mountain side,

And here, in the shade of the silent wood,

We have laid us down to sleep at eventide.

12th.—This morning we started on early, crossing mountains and ascending higher until we gained the summit ridge of these lofty mountains; from here we enjoyed a grand view of a large scope of mountain country, and far as the eye could reach on every side could be seen mountain after mountain covered with snow, or tall pine, presenting a view unequalled for grandeur and sublimity. We crossed several large banks of snow to-day, and the road was steep and rocky beyond description, being so steep, in places, we could not ride up it. These mountains afford plenty of water but little grass. To-day one of our steers fell into a miery pit of very soft mud, where we had to lasso his horns and drag him out with ropes. Every two or three miles, on these mountains, we pass a trading post, where almost every thing is kept for sale. Flour now sells at 25 cents per pound, and other things about in proportion. I have found Mr. McClelen to be a perfect Gentleman in all respects, just what I took him to be at the happy introduction. This evening we had to drive from the road two miles into a deep kanyon, where we found some grass and water, and here we tarried until morning.

13th.—This morning, in trying to find our way back to the road, we got lost, but after clambering over rocks and precipices for two hours, we found where we came in at. We are now in fine spirits for the golden land, and have an unbounded curiosity to know how the "Diggins" look. The moun-

tains to-day were a continual grove of timber of the loftiest kind. To-day I saw the first oak timber since I left the States, except some small shrubs on the Rocky Mountains. Here they cut them down for their stock to eat the leaves, for in many places they can get nothing else. The road to-day to say the best, was awful bad, it would be incredible to tell how teams get along here in places. This morning I saw an Indian perched on a cragg with a bow and arrow in his hand, watching the movements of the emigrants below on the road. The weather is now getting much warmer than yesterday, but when we look back and see the everlasting mountains rearing their shining tops in eternal frost, all seems cold and dreary. The descent is much more graded than the ascent. This evening we camped at a place called Tragical or Leak Springs, just below which is a beautiful little valley called Onion Valley. Here are several trading posts on account of it being a great camping place.

14th.—This morning was pleasant and warm, and we hurried on for our cattle and horses; they had no grass at all last night. The road to-day descended gradually through a continual grove of the most beautiful pine and fir trees, imaginable—perfect monuments of old creation. It seems to me that there is enough of timber here to supply the whole world for ages. The dust on the road to-day was about eight inches deep, but the wind was calm and our eyes were saved. Hundreds of men have passed us to-day, traveling, apparently, for life, with their blankets on their backs. This afternoon Capt. J. Robinson and several others belonging to his company overtook us, whom we were glad to see. They were on foot and had left their train in Carson Valley; the sight of our old traveling comrades seemed to rejoice us. They passed us and on they went towards the "Diggin's." To-day, at noon, we found the cattle and horses began to sag, having nothing to eat for thirty hours and traveled over one of the worst roads on the surface of the earth, and we drove off the road about two miles, down an awful steep mountain, where we found nothing but pea vines. We came back and went on several miles further and stopped for the night in a small valley, where we stood guard during the night to watch for thieves from the miners who are continually stealing the emigrant's stock.

15th.—Last night our cattle and horses had no grass at all, so we started early and soon came to what is called Pleasant Valley, which certainly is a beautiful place. The weather is as warm and pleasant here as in the month of May, but the road has been traveled so much that the dust is very deep and light and the traveler suffers much from it. A great many trading posts or Ranchos are located in this valley where they now keep hay and grain for sale. Hay they sell at 20 cents per pound and barley at 25c. The grass in this valley is entirely eaten off, so that the emigrants' stock suffer very much on this side of the mountains. We left the road this evening about a mile and encamped on a mountain top, in a beautiful cluster of pine and fir trees.

16th.—This morning we are only twelve miles distant from Ringgold. Oh, cheering thought; my hopes are full and joy is springing up anew, and the countenances of my comrades are brightening with gladness. Oh, hail happy day when we shall rest from all this toil. How eager we now are to behold the enrapturing scene of all that we have heard; perhaps we may meet some old familiar friend to welcome us home. Our thoughts were now hurried and a volume would not tell the story of their revolvings. This morning we pulled up stakes for the last time, thank fortune, and traveled over a good road, some descending, until 1 o'clock, when we reached Ringgold, a sunny little village, containing about six hundred inhabitants; all apparently happy and prosperous. The sight of a town once more filled my mind with emotions unutterable. Here is peace and plenty, and men digging gold on every hand; the streets are thronged with traders, and the bells of six hotels, besides a number of boarding houses, regularly toll the miners to repair and regale themselves on the fat of the land. These things rejoice my heart; this is what I have longed for and not only longed but have toiled, fought and starved for. All have I sacrificed for even this: home, friends, kindred and acquaintances, I have left three thousand miles behind, and scarcely do I entertain a hope of ever seeing them again. And no friend do I see here; my only friend now lies deep embosomed in the bowels of the earth—the shining “ore”—the resurrection of whom I don't anticipate soon for I am weak, tired and broken down. I stepped out this evening to where the miners were at work, anx-

ious to know the process of mining, and here I found a great number of men working with all their energies; they seemed to notice nothing but their work, and their countenances were sad and careworn. Some, I noticed, were the victims of despair, and all of disappointment and discouragement. Two brothers, I noticed, who had lately arrived and brought themselves tools, and had commenced work, being discouraged and discontented, they fell out, quarreled and separated probably never to see each other again. I walked down the creek to see if these things were common and found it to be the case only with those who have lately arrived; such generally meet with discouragement at every step in their start, on account of being entirely ignorant of the process, and being weak and unaccustomed to that kind of labor. Here I saw two little well-dressed girls carrying dirt in a bucket to their father, who was rocking out the gold. I asked them how they liked California, they said, "O, tolerably well, but we are very lonesome here." I asked them how long they had been here and if they were alone with their father, they replied, "About one month, and mother and William died on the plains leaving none but father and us;" and, said one, "I had to drive the ox team many a day on the mountains." She said, "I have often read the description of Bonaparte and the French army crossing the Alps, but I believe our troubles, if possible, were worse than theirs." To see such heroism and fortitude in little girls, inspired me with new hopes and resolution, and now I thought what folly to despair. I returned to the hotel with a lighter heart and fresh hopes; I inquired of the landlord how much he had per week for boarding, he said \$16,00 and for single meals one dollar, this I thought was high, but a great many miners are boarding here, and I concluded that they must find a plenty of gold to afford this price.

Now I have arrived at the end of my journey, and know what it is to cross the Plains, under adverse circumstances, but I know that many have had harder times than I have, and thousands have crossed with comparative ease. When my thoughts revert back to the scenes of suffering and want, of sickness and death, on that land of desolation, my heart sickens; and when I view my escape, it seems to me that nothing but the intervention of God's providence has ever saved me, and in contrasting my situation then with now, I am remind-

ed of Hagar in the wilderness, who was conducted home by an Angel of God, and of Paul, who was in peril by land and amongst false brethren.

I have told you a great many things which have happened on the journey but I have not told you half, but merely given outlines of all connected with the expedition. To tell all the little petty occurrences and transactions that have taken place would fill volumes, and you would become tired of reading it, but I leave you to imagine the circumstances and our feelings in our different conditions. Imagine my tiresome task of keeping this journal, which I found to be far greater than I ever anticipated; only think, when weary, faint and hungry, of sitting down and committing whole pages to writing, day after day, and for months; O, how many thousand times have I regretted that I ever undertook the task, and if I had not met with strong encouragement, from my comrades, I think that I would have given it up. And many places you may find uninteresting, which would have been otherwise had not old "Melancholy" sat enthroned while more than half was written. But I have had melancholy tales to tell, there is no bright side to my picture; our path has led through a large extent of country, perhaps the most mountainous and desert-like on the earth; true we have had some "Oasis" but they have been few. Pestilence has been around about and in our midst, and the graves of our dead will be sufficient way-marks to those who may come after us. An account of such thrilling stories so far from being interesting is enough to freeze the blood with horror. Never shall I forget the death-bed scenes which I have witnessed on this trip; I have heard the bitter cries of little children, weeping over a kind father agonizing in death; I have seen wives shedding their last tear over a dead husband, and left to be at the mercies of others; and fathers heart-broken by death's inroads in their families; I have set in the stillness of the night, solitary and alone, and watched the last gasping breath of a dying comrade, and stood around the graves of many more, and saw the sand shoveled over their remains, far from home and friends, where no rose tree or monumental stone will ever tell where they lie, and here

"The storm that wrecks the nightly sky,  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh,  
That shuts the rose,"

Ah, who has not lost a dear friend on the Plains, one whom heaven and earth will ne'er replace. Thousands have left comfortable homes and all that heart can wish, and wandered far in the wilderness, and there have left their bones to bleach on the lonely plains. Oh, what has this California Expedition not done for mankind; how many useful lives have been lost; how many millions of dollars worth of property have been sacrificed; how many hearts has it broken; how many families has it poverized; how many friends has it alienated; how many good characters has it ruined; how many husbands and wives, fathers and children has it forever separated; how many saints has it turned sinners; how many temperate men to be confirmed drunkards; how many moral men to be profane swearers and gamblers; how many honest-hearted men to be thieves and murderers; how many has it caused to suffer death by starvation and the hands of the savages; how many souls has it sent to eternity, unprepared; and how many more are yet to be forever ruined? If I should answer these questions by saying thousands it certainly would not be an exaggeration. I have learned some important truths of human nature, which I could not mistake; I learned that the majority of mankind will do *anything* they are capable of, under certain circumstances, and that it is unsafe to to trust *any* man under certain circumstances with some things even if there be a degree of guilt attached to the violation of the trust. And that—except one man in ten thousand—the human race is prompted almost exclusively by selfish and sectional motives. Oh, how true God hath written, “The heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.” Surrounding circumstances and conditions in life make every man precisely what he is almost universally. These things have been verified a thousand times in my intercourse with men.

And now, before I close this little book, I beg leave to insert my opinion of the best way to go and come from California. In the first place, I would say never cross the Plains, while there is a path on the high seas. I returned by sea in thirty-eight days, which I considered a pleasure voyage in comparison with my four months march across the deserts and mountains, and oh, if those mountains could only talk they would tell you tales and ghost-like stories that would haunt

you to the grave, and the deserts would tell such stories of suffering and death that your soul would become terror stricken and the spirits of the dead would number yours with the departed. The fate of more than half no one knows nor never can. What a blessing to the world, if mankind only knew their wants, and seek for contentment in honest and moderate gain, for true and lasting happiness can come from no other source.









# TABLE OF DISTANCES.

The following is a table of distances on the Emigrant's Route from Missouri to Oregon. The first column of figures indicates the number of miles from place to place—the second column, the distance of each point from the beginning.

From Westport to Kansas river	Eng. 70	
Platte river	215	285
Fork of Platte river	115	400
Chimney Rock	150	550
Scott's Bluff	20	570
Fort Laramie	60	630
Red Buttes	161	791
Rock Indian Agency	52	843
Snake River	107	950
Green River	80	1030
North Platte	130	1160
Fort Hall	60	1220
Angels Falls	22	1242
Lewis river crossing	180	1422
Fort Boise	128	1550
Bitter Lake	114	1664
Grande Ronde or Great Circle	70	1734
Fort Walla Walla	87	1776
John Day's river	112	1888
Fall river	21	1909
Mouth of Columbia river	25	1934
Cascades	16	1970
Fort Vancouver	54	2024
Oregon City	16	2040